The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1885. NO 42.

Parting Lovers.

Curling upward rose a slender vine tree,
Winding upward round the fort of Runa.
Ah, no vine tree was it winding upward,
But a loving maiden round her lover!
Early had the twain begun their loving,
Loving ever since their days of childhood;
Now they had to say farewell forever.

To the maiden thus the stripling murmured:
"Three broad rivers, maiden, run before thee;
Each the third the golden green is growing;
In the garden bloom a tree of roses;
From that rose tree pluck a rose, O maiden,
Lay it near thy heart within thy bosom;
Faster than the rose leaves fade within it,
Faster fade my heart for thee, beloved!"

To the stripling thus the maiden answered:
"Three high mountains, youth, arise before thee;
From the third there flows a quiet fountain;
Nigh the fountain lie a rock of marble;
On the marble stands a silver chalice;
In the silver chalice lies a snowflake.
Bear away the snowflake from the donker;
Lay it near thy heart upon thy bosom;
Faster than the flake of snow dissolveth,
Faster melts my heart for thee, beloved!"

—The Academy.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Nonsense! I shall not marry at all."

"Why, you certainly mean to marry John Brant?"

"Assuredly I do not. He is passable, that's all."

"Then it will be Harry Rogers."

"Never! Harry Rogers is not endurable with his mild ways and his meek courtesy."

"That will do to tell me, Miss May Saunders, but wait till either of the gentlemen proposes to you, and you will accept."

"They have both proposed, and both been refused within the past twenty-four hours. There now! what do you think of that? Haven't I just a little bit of spirit and independence?"

"Why, May Saunders, you are a silly girl to refuse either of these gentlemen. You have made the first great mistake of your life. Reconsider what you have done, and accept one or the other of them."

"I will do no such thing. I'll live and die an old maid before I marry either of them, or any other man, for the matter of that."

"We will both live long enough to see things come out differently."

"Oh, I hope we will both live to a ripe old age, but in the end you will find that I have kept my word."

This bit of dialogue took place between my intimate friend, May Saunders, and myself on her twenty-fourth birthday, and I had been rallying her because she only had one more milestone to pass until she entered the domain of old maidism—if allowance be made for coining the word—and I had been advising her to marry before she crossed the borderland.

John Brant was bookkeeper, and Harry Rogers was cashier in the bank of Iveson & Co., and both were excellent young men. I knew that both were devoted admirers of May, but I was greatly surprised to learn that they both had proposed, and still more dismayed to learn that both had been rejected.

"Tell me, May," I said, "what objection could you have to Harry Rogers? He is an exceptionally splendid young man, and no one stands higher in the public esteem in the whole town of Dayton."

"I presume," she replied, "that I dislike him because everyone praises him. He is unselfish, I grant it, and gentle and courteous, and all that, but to my mind he lacks self-assertion, without which no man's manhood is complete or perfect."

"Well, that charge does not lie against John Brant. He has self-assertion enough for any one man—a little more, in fact, than I admire, but perhaps not too much to suit your taste and fancy."

"John Brant is well enough so far as that goes," May rejoined, "and I do not mind telling you that I like him infinitely better than I do Harry Rogers, but not well enough to link my fate with his."

"And why not?"

"I can hardly tell. There is something about him that I cannot comprehend—something that is unfathomable, and a secret monitor whispers to me never to marry him, even if I should fall in love with him, which seems not only absurd but impossible."

I was quite overcome with the peculiar situation of affairs, and saw that it would be a waste of time to volunteer any sort of advice or undertake a solution of the knotty problem. So I concluded to leave the solution to the deft fingers of Time.

Both the young gentlemen continued to pay their usual attentions to May. The gossips of the town were in ignorance of the fact that both had already been rejected, and consequently there was nothing to interfere with their speculations as to which would win her in the end.

I watched my friend narrowly, and from time to time cautiously sounded her feelings, and made up my mind that it was only a question of time, until Miss May Saunders would be Mrs. John Brant. Her partiality was sufficiently marked to show the drift of the tide.

From John Brant I was able to learn that he regarded Harry Rogers as a rival—and a rival whom he both feared and hated, notwithstanding their close business relations.

But I was entirely unable to discover that Harry Rogers looked upon Brant as a rival in any sense of the word.

On several occasions he confided in me far enough to express both his amazement and pain that May should so persistently reject his love without giving him any reasonable explanation.

"Perhaps she thinks you lack self-assertion," I said to him, in the way of suggestion.

"That is what she told me herself, but I cannot understand it. I don't know what she means by it. I attend to my business and don't meddle with other people's. There has never yet been an occasion when it was necessary for me to set up my opinion in opposition to my business superiors. I do not know whether I would have the proper amount of self-assertion to do so successfully, but I certainly would stand by my convictions of right."

There was a commotion one day in the banking-house of Iveson & Co. When the doors were closed in the afternoon and the cash was balanced, Cashier Rogers was found to be just five hundred pounds short.

Every transaction of the day was gone over, the members of the firm taking a part in the work, but there was no way of accounting for the deficit.

The payments made during the day were few in number, and Harry Rogers was able to remember the whole list, and before night he had called on each of them, hoping to discover that he had made an overpayment to the amount of his deficit in one of them. But he had not.

At last it was concluded that a thief had snatched a package of bills when the cashier was not looking.

But Harry mentally refused to assent to any such an idea, although he could give no sort of an explanation for the disappearance of the money. He was cautioned to be more circumspect in the future, and all the bank *employes* were enjoined not to speak of the occurrence.

Harry Rogers was able to definitely settle one point—that the missing money consisted of five one hundred pound notes, and the chief of police was informed of the matter and instructed to keep a quiet look-out, through the detectives, for the appearance of such large notes in the hands of suspicious persons.

While Harry Rogers was at home that evening vainly trying to find some tenable theory about the stolen funds, John Brant was spending the time with May Saunders, and finally told her of the mysterious loss.

"But how did it escape getting into the evening papers?" enquired May.

"Oh, it's a great secret, and isn't to be spoken of outside the bank," was Brant's reply.

"Well, then, you are an excellent hand to keep a secret, Mr. Brant, I must say."

John Brant winced under this retort.

"How do you account for the loss of the money, Mr. Brant?"

"I don't account for it. There is only one man who can."

"Who is that?"

"Harry Rogers, the cashier. The money was in his custody, and he ought to know what became of it."

"John Brant, what do you mean?"

"Well, nothing; only that Harry Rogers ought to know what became of the money in his charge."

"I think I can fathom your meaning, Mr. Brant, and it is ungenerous, if not unjust, and without good grounds."

There was something in May's voice which suggested to Brant that it was the part of discretion to drop the subject, and he quickly invented an excuse for saying good-evening.

After he was gone May noticed that a letter had dropped from his overcoat-pocket in the hall. The business envelope was addressed to "John Brant, care of Iveson & Co." and its contents evidently related to business affairs.

If May had any curiosity, she was too wellbred to examine the letter, and threw it into her work-basket and covered it from sight, until its rightful owner should call again.

"I believe he is ungenerous enough to charge the theft to Harry Rogers," May said to herself half aloud, after she had placed the letter out of sight. "But I am sure Harry Rogers is above any such base suspicion."

This was the first time she had ever heard a reflection cast upon Harry Rogers, and she instinctively became his advocate and defender.

Two weeks passed, and there was no clue to the theft, but one day another similar amount was missing from the cashier's funds.

Again there was an anxious investigation with no result. At its conclusion, Mr. Iveson said:

"This is inexplicable, Mr. Rogers. You are responsible for the funds placed in your hands, and we shall expect you to make the bank whole for the losses already sustained. When the bank opens to-morrow you will be expected to make good the losses, and then it will be decided whether you will longer continue as cashier."

"And if I fail to make good the loss?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Publicity will be given to the affair, and the law will take its course. But until to-morrow not a word is to be spoken of this matter outside the bank."

Harry Rogers went home agitated and mystified. He knew he was innocent of wrong-doing, but had to confess that all the circumstances were against him.

He was barely able to make good the thousand pounds loss, but to do so would be almost a confession that he had stolen the money.

John Brant found it convenient to call on May Saunders, and it was not long until he had told her of the second loss, of Mr. Iveson's suspicions, and the delicate position in which Harry Rogers had been placed.

She concealed her indignation, and dismissing him on a plea of indisposition, hastily dispatched a note to Harry Rogers by a servant, requesting him to call on her at once and without failure.

He obeyed, but the unexpected summons did not soothe or allay his agitation. May dispensed with all preliminaries and began:

"On two different occasions within two weeks you have lost five hundred pounds from the funds in your charge in the bank."

"That is true; but how came you to know it? It was a bank secret."

"It does not matter how I found it out. And you are suspected of taking the money yourself."

"Hardly so hard as that."

"It may not be put in just my words, but that is the meaning of it. You are required to make good the loss to-morrow morning. What answer are you going to make to that demand of the bank?"

Harry Rogers didn't know how he would answer that demand until he looked into the depths of May's earnest blue eyes, and then he said with a firm and even voice:

"I shall tell them that I did not take the money, and, therefore, will not replace it."

"And then?" queried May with an eager voice.

"Then I will be arrested for theft and embezzlement."

"But you will not be convicted. You are innocent—I know that—and your innocence will be made to appear—how, it is hard to tell, but I am confident as to the result. I respect you because you assume the risk to vindicate your good name. I am interested in this matter. You are not aware of it, but one-half the Iveson interest in the bank belongs to me, and is held in the name of Iveson in accordance with my father's will until a certain event occurs, which possibly never may occur."

Harry Rogers went home bewildered. He had for years been one of May's *employes* without knowing it, and now he found in her a champion and a firm believer in his innocence.

When he visited the bank the next morning and, declaring his innocence of the suspicions against him, declined to make good the deficit, except on the judgment of a court, and to prevent his bondsmen from paying it. Mr. Iveson was shocked and angry, and finally told Rogers that he would have to institute criminal proceedings against him unless the loss was made good.

"Then I am ready to be taken into custody," was his reply. "The sooner we begin to sift this mystery, the sooner we will get to the bottom of it."

It was one of the greatest of Dayton sensations when the arrest of Harry Rogers was made public and the story told in the papers with half-a-dozen different versions.

The bank employed a detective to secure corroborative evidence of the young cashier's guilt, and although but little could be found, his prospects were dark indeed, for he found it impossible to throw any reasonable light on the mysterious disappearance of the two missing packages of money.

May concluded to employ a detective also, without letting any one know what she was doing. An officer was summoned from a neighboring city, and called at Miss Saunders' residence to get his instructions.

In the course of an hour's conversation May gave him a history of the affair, and how she came to learn of the loss of the money and the suspicions entertained against the cashier.

The detective, of course, soon discovered that both the bookkeeper and cashier were in love with the young lady who had called his services into requisition.

"So it was the bookkeeper that told you the secret in the first place?" enquired the detective.

"Yes."

"And what was the motive?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

The detective accidently struck his foot against the work-basket, and overturned it. With an apology for his awkwardness he began to replace the contents.

"Father, dear father," she began, speaking low but passionately, "I cannot leave you here. I cannot face mamma without you; she has waited so many nights for your home-coming, and the hours are so weary without you. Oh, father," the child went on, gathering up all her energies as she saw that her listener was half heeding her words, "break away from this wretched place, come back to your home and mamma and me; we love you so dearly we cannot live without you, and oh! it is all so different now from what it used to be." The childish voice was breaking. "Such a little time ago we were all so happy." Here a sob almost choked her. She slipped her clinging fingers into the unresenting hand of the man who staggered at her side. "Come back to us, father; come home with me now," and the tears, no longer within her power to restrain, coursed down her pale cheeks as she lifted her face to him, holding his gaze with her wistful, pleading eyes.

The man's features worked convulsively; he looked about him once half desperately; then some better feeling swept over him, and, straightening himself up, he said brokenly, "I will go with you, Jennie," and clasping close the hand of his little daughter, as if that frail guide were his chief support, the two together went out from the light and glare and dazzle of the roller skating rink forever.—*New York Sun.*

Great Head of a Rat.

Two Austin gentlemen, Colonel Yerger and Sam Bass, were talking about the comparative intelligence of animals.

"I think that a horse is the most intelligent animal, remarked Colonel Yerger.

"No, sir, the horse is not. The rat is the shrewdest and smartest little animal I know of. It has a wonderful power of discrimination. The rat never sets fire to a store by nibbling at matches until everything is insured for more than its value. A rat who is in that line of business is sharper than a fire insurance agent with a sixty-ounce brain and thirty years' experience."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Wounded Lion.

A very dramatic narrative of an encounter with a lion is published by an Algerian paper. It appears that for months past farmers residing near a forest in the African colony have been victimized by the lion, which carried off their cattle, and especially evinced a partiality for their sheep. Exasperated by the gaps made in their small flocks, it was determined to make war on the depredator, and seventeen settlers, with five or six Arabs, set out on what proved a very perilous adventure. They took up their positions in parties of four and five, at certain spots in the forest which it was conjectured the animal would pass, and toward nightfall the enemy was seen coming leisurely along by one of these parties, numbering five men. After consulting together it was decided that they should fire simultaneously, and at a given signal they did so, the lion being seen to fall, uttering a tremendous roar of pain. He was not dead, however, as the men too quickly imagined, and when they approached the animal he rose to his feet, crushed one of the assailants with a blow of his powerful paw, and seizing the head of his victim, smashed it at a bite. Turning from the mangled remains, the brute next attacked another man, biting off his arm and otherwise injuring him. Two other members of the party were also grievously torn and bitten by the enraged animal, and might have lost their lives in the terrible encounter had not their uninjured comrade levelled his gun at the lion's ear and been lucky enough to stretch him out on the ground dead.

Old Paunchous Pilot.

General Henry K. Oliver is celebrated almost as much for his wit as he is as a composer of church music. The General and a friend, who was a stranger in Boston, were walking down Washington street one afternoon when their attention was attracted to a very large man wearing a heavy blue overcoat, who was approaching. He was a man who, from his enormous proportions and great breadth of stomach, would have been noticed anywhere, and, moreover, there were traces of salt water about him.

"Who is that man?" inquired his friend of General Oliver.

"That man," said the General, assuming a very solemn look, "is 2,000 years old."

"You surely cannot mean that," said the other.

"I do," replied the General, "and his name is Paunchous Pilot."

The subject of the remark was one of the best known pilots in Boston.—*Boston Evening Record.*

Wet winters have been found to result most disastrously to insects.

A Child in the Storm.

"Won't you come home now, father, please?" she said. Her voice was low and childish, and the sweet, upturned face was pale and quivering with some hardly suppressed emotion—but the man toward whom the appeal and agony were directed took little notice of either.

"Why do you bother me?" he said, impatiently, "Go home. I'll come when I'm ready," and regaining with an effort his uncertain balance, he left her.

The girl looked after him wistfully, then, as his form was lost to her view in the crowded room, with a deep despairing sigh she turned and left the place. Outside the electric lights streamed full upon her slender figure as she hesitated a moment before descending the step. The night was cold and stormy. An icy sleet was falling, driven in every direction by the capricious and fitful wind gusts, and the few pedestrians who were abroad hurried on their way anxious to gain shelter. The girl alone appeared unconscious of the discomforts of the weather.

"So late," she murmured. "Oh! I cannot go home without him;" and now she turned swiftly and retraced her steps. She paused not a moment on the threshold; evidently she feared her own resolution. The doors yielded instantly to her touch, and once more she looked over the scene whose light and warmth and comfort were as little to her as the wind and rain outside. Her searching glance soon found out her father; for the moment he was standing alone, and his daughter felt that she had one more chance. Rapidly she gained his side.

A London paper gravely announces that St. Petersburg is anxiously awaiting the arrival of an American pianist who promises, by the aid of electricity, to play twelve pianos simultaneously. Russia's cup of misery at this will soon overflow. It beats Morphy with his twelve simultaneous games at chess.

An interesting reminiscence of the late Col. Burnaby appears in the *Publisher's Courier*. He was rather fidgety in the matter of proofs, and was in a state of feverish impatience until he got them. That he did not write for literary effect may be inferred from the following. On one occasion, when a slight inelegancy of style was pointed out to him, he wrote: "You are probably right about the repetition. * * I write as I talk, and do not pretend to have any style. You are not the only person who has remarked about the repetition of the word. I have let two or three people look at the proofs. They are not connected with the press, but are ordinary mortals. I call them my Foolometers. They like the book. I think they represent the majority of the reading public.

Two Friends.

We have always had a sincere affection for that keen-witted and somewhat skeptical scientist, who believes less than he hears and not all that he sees, and has the trick of discrediting the signs of emotion with more critical frankness than falls to the lot of most. Exclusive and concentrated for his own part, he does not take well with catholicity; and he looks on general amiability, so he says, as a "thupdering" fault. We know that to be with him is to be sacrificed before we leave him. Yet we are glad to meet him, all the same; thinking too that a little honest flaying—without witnesses—is by no means unwholesome for one's soul. Then there is that other friend who stands at the opposite end of the scale—a prophesier of smooth sayings—the weaver of silken tissues only—the sweetest, softest, blandest and most amiable creature under heaven. To be in his society is like seeing oneself in a mirror that beautifies every feature and glorifies every circumstance of one's condition. He finds no fault, but, on the contrary, paints only our virtues in the brighest colors, so that we may be excused if—human nature being but a frail kind of thing at the best—we find him one of the most charming companions in the world; until the inevitable question forces itself on our mind: "How much of all this is real and how much is pretty fable and polite flattery?" Then we prefer the rougher tools of our scientific friend; and think that between the two—the disproportioned blame of the one and the sincere praise of the other—the former is the more commendable.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SPOOKS.

Uncanny Sounds Heard and Mysterious Lights Seen by the Valley Residents.

Superstitious residents of the regions known as Preakness, Haledon, and other suburbs hemmed in by the lofty hills known as High mountain, writes a Patterson, N. J., correspondent to the New York *World*, place extra bolts on their doors now o' nights and are careful to be indoors "after hours." Numbers of superstitious ones, and some who are not superstitious by any means, are willing to make affidavits that they have heard uncanny sounds proceeding from the heights, and nearly everybody in the vicinity who has been near the foot of the mountain after dark will vouch for the statement that mysterious lights have been seen flitting to and fro up among the trees. No soul lives there, and, as it is said that several murders have been perpetrated there, the villagers state, with a solemn shake of the head, that "the devil is at work and no mistake," and that there are "spooks on High mountain."

A party of the braver and brawnier lads of the bailiwick endeavored to solve the mystery a few nights ago, but they soon returned with white faces and quaking limbs, and informed those in waiting by the stove of the place of rendezvous that it was all well enough for them to be sittin' there toastin' their shins and joken', but if they wanted to find out anything about the spooks they had better make the trip themselves. Upon being mollified with "something hot," they became more communicative, and related to their open-mouthed audience the following hair-curdling tale:

They said they had climbed to the top of the mountain, where the lights had been soon, when all at once they were surrounded by lights that jumped around them and climbed the trees and performed other acrobatic feats. Although they appeared to be right in the midst of the flames not a hair of their head was injured and their clothing wasn't even singed. They smelled phosphorus just as plain as it could be smelled, and while they were wondering what to do next the wind whistled through the trees, producing such unearthly sounds that they came right straight away and let the wind have it all to itself.

Doubting Thomases in the audience plucked up courage and firearms enough to make the trip themselves and they, too, soon returned, looking as pale as the historical ghosts and shaking like rattle-boxes. Nobody showed a disposition to go home, and finally, when the host informed them that it was time to close up, they started off in a group and spent the night together by a hospitable neighbor's fire rather than pass the mountain until daylight did appear.

Since then the phenomena have been witnessed by scores of those who were brave enough to approach within sight of the bleak and densely wooded mountain, and the matter has been the chief topic of conversation in the country stores, in the taverns, in the village schools, and has even been referred to by the local dominies. The town hoodlums are now free of going to the stores after dark, for their parents would not think of sending them where they would not go themselves. The jolly hosts of the roadside taverns are jolly no longer, or must be content to be jolly by themselves, for the loungers now lounge at home.

Old residents say that the same thing occurred just before the last cholera epidemic, and that the lights presage another visitation of that dread scourge. Scores of old timers are willing to wager on this, and prominent citizens are willing to encourage them in their belief, for it is on record that the same thing did occur in 1836, just before death stalked through this section of the country.

Reports from Pike county, Pennsylvania, say that the same phenomena have appeared there just as they did in 1836, and that the citizens of that place spend most of their night-times in their homes.

Citizens who pretend to be wise assert that the Pike county phenomena are caused by the escape of coal gas from the mountains, and that it is really no phenomenon at all, but is the result of natural causes. They also say that the mysterious lights on High mountain can be traced to the same cause, and are apparently honest in their belief that a vein of coal could be found by anybody taking the trouble to hunt for it. Should this prove true there is wealth in store for the gentlemen who own High mountain, but they will have to seek foreign aid to unearth it, for no native will go within gunshot distance of it since the experiences above related.

Fortunes of Freaks.

Speaking of the savings of freaks of nature a prominent circus and museum manager said yesterday: "They are nearly all economical, and nine out of every ten are filled with a desire to own a farm. Tom Thumb spent a great deal of money and yet left a snug fortune. Millie Christine, 'the double-headed girl' has made $60,000 or $75,000, but she lost the greater part of it backing the circus of a friend a few years ago. I suppose she is still worth $20,000. Hannah Battersby and her skeleton husband, who live in this city, are worth $10,000. John Powers, the fat man, accumulated $10,000. Captain Bates and his wife, big people, are worth $50,000. They have a fine farm in the West. If Lucia Zarate, the Mexican Midget, had received all the salary she earned from her manager she would be worth $25,000. As it is, the manager, Frank Uffner, has the money, minus $4,000 or $5,000 he has paid to Lucia's father. Eli Bowen, the legless man, has $6,000 in bank. Cooper, the giant, has nearly as much. The dime museums have raised the salaries of freaks so much that they will all have farms if the managers' pocketbooks hold out."

The fraternal feeling existing among freaks is aptly shown by the cases of Hubert Ferrer, long known as the Toronto Giant, and Edward Skimeer, the Armless Wonder. These two men, both over seventy years of age, are now living at a little cottage outside of Bridgeport, Conn., where an old colored man and woman, for many years a stableman and wardrobekeeper with circuses tend to their wants and look after the peaceful decline of their days. The cottage, the old colored people, the giant and the armless man are all dependent on a small monthly assessment taken up from the freaks exhibited at every circus, museum and sideshow in the United States.—*Philadelphia Times.*

CHIROGRAPHY.

A Hotel Clerk Says a Man's Handwriting Will Indicate His Position.

"How do you manage when assigning rooms to your guests to locate one on the fourth or fifth floor and the other on the second, when each pays the same rate per diem?" was asked the landlord of one of the hotels by a reporter a few days since.

"You had better ask one of the clerks," replied the boniface with a smile. "They know all about such things and will doubtless communicate the secret to you."

The reporter sought out the clerk and repeated the question. His reply was laconic and to the point:

"We size 'em up."

"But do you never make mistakes?" asked the reporter.

"Seldom," answered the clerk, and perceiving that the reporter would not be choked off, he continued: "One reason why we seldom make mistakes is that we can judge, in a measure, by the way a man registers of what he has been accustomed to at home. If a man will be contented with a small room in his own house, he is not likely to make any very decided objection to the same accommodation at a hotel. This is more especially true in the case of those who, like merchants from the interior, come to the city but once or twice a year to buy goods. They are too full of business to think much about the kind of a room they are occupying, and so long as they have a place to sleep, they don't care whether it is on the first floor or whether it is next the roof. Besides, they don't like to have any trouble. They would rather put up with a few inconveniences than raise a row. This is all the better for us, for we can save the best rooms for guests who will be willing to pay a higher figure. The successful hotel clerk is not only able to do this, but he can almost invariably tell at a glance just how much a man will stand, and he is very careful not to over-step the line. Again, look at the way some people register. The man who is unaccustomed to traveling and stopping at hotels picks up the pen as if he was afraid of it, and is singularly precise in the formation of the letters composing his name. He writes plain 'John Blank, Blanktown,' as nicely as he is able, and is perfectly satisfied if the clerk takes him by the hand and says, as clerks always do: 'Mr. Blank, I'm glad to see you.'

"The full-fledged drummer or tourist is easily identified. He will waltz up to the desk, dash off his name in a careless fashion, toss his overcoat and grip to the bell-boy, and try to talk to four or five people at once. He must have a fair room, or there will be trouble at the office. A young man on his first trip will demonstrate his Spencerian education; a country lawyer will write his name so that neither he nor anybody else can decipher the hieroglyphics, while the rural legislator will be anxious to let everybody know that he has the right to prefix honorable to his name. These characters are universal, and almost invariably we can get a man's character and position in the world by an inspection of his chirography.

"In small towns hotel clerks have a practice of giving the most desirable rooms to parties who claim to come from some large city, for the reason that they should have a better knowledge of hotel life than their rural brethren. Travelers are beginning to realize this, and will register as from New York or Boston, in order that they may get a good room, and they win the trick. The most essential thing in the make-up of a hotel clerk is to be able to fill the house from the top down, and at the same time make everyone believe that they are getting the best rooms."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Anecdote of Justice Harlan.

The other day in the Circuit court-room a number of lawyers were discussing Gen. John M. Harlan, now a judge of the United States Supreme court.

"I was in his office a long time," said Mr. Charles Godshaw, trustee of the jury fund. "I was just beginning the practice of law then, and had not an office on my own account. I remember he opened my eyes when he charged a big fee for what then seemed little work. He was engaged in an important suit for one of the big New York insurance companies, and had to prepare his brief that night.

"He forgot it till about 8 o'clock that evening, when he came around and went to work with a hurry, as the brief had to be finished before morning. At his direction I got down a large number of law books and handed them to him, as he wished to consult authorities. He had hardly well begun when the door opened, and in walked the president of the company for whom he was preparing the suit.

"'I want to ask your advice about the wording of our policy,' he said.

"The general refused, saying he had no time.

"'It will only take you a few minutes,' urged his client, 'and it is all important that the matter receive immediate attention.'

"As he was not to be put off, the general asked him to state his point, but went on with his work. He hardly paused to hear the policy read, and without looking up from a book, told him to change about four words, as well as I can remember. His client thanked him and went out.

"A few days later Gen. Harlan told me to enter a charge on his books against the insurance company of $5,000 for advice, naming the day when the incident I have related occurred. I could scarcely believe my ears, and pretended to misunderstand the amount. He repeated it, however, and I entered the charge almost dumbfounded. Six months later he directed me to send the insurance company the bill for his services, including the $5,000 item for advice. I did so, and in a few days there came a check for the whole amount, accompanied by a most complimentary letter from the president, stating that the change he had suggested had been of the greatest value to them in their policies.

"Bear in mind that when he was consulted he was preparing a brief in a case of importance. Seemingly his attention was not distracted from that work, and I think I had a right to be astonished."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Hon. Frank Jones of Portsmouth, N. H., now one of the wealthiest men in New England, began life as a peddler. His cart was gorgeously painted, and bore on one side the words, "Good weight, marm.—*Boston Traveler.*

BISMARCK'S HOME.

The Mecca of German Statesmen.

There is scarcely anything remarkable in the chancellor's house at Friedrichsruhe except its absolute plainness. Jewish plutocracy may glout in displaying gorgeous tapestry and rare bric-a-brac, but Bismarck, after all, is only a poor man. His state appointment is not worth even £3,000; Schonhausen is valueless; Varzin does not yield much, and the estate of Friedrichsruhe, although estimated at £150,000, brings at the most £5,000. It is true that this is no reason why his walls should be whitewashed, why his furniture is of the simplest description, why his art treasures consist of comparatively worthless photographs and paintings of his daughter and his sons, of Moltke, of Cardinal Hohenlohe, of Thiers, of Beaconsfield, of Friedrichsruhe itself. Yet there are several objects of luxury and ease, and others of decidedly historic importance. There is the rich carpet, extending through hall and rooms; the number of chimneys, where, the whole winter through, fires burn perpetually, and an abundance of couches, sometimes two or three in one room. On the chimney-pieces are the bronze bust of Moltke, crowned with a huge laurel wreath, a plaster cast of Charlemagne, and a small copy of Schluter's Great Elector. The dining-room is adorned with the bronze statue of the Emperor, given by him to Bismarck in 1881. But particular mention is due to the bronze imitation of the Niederwald monument, which stands on a fine oak cupboard in the smoking-room. A leaflet is attached to it with the following words, written by the Emperor himself: "Christmas, 1883; the crowning-stone of your policy; a festival which was destined chiefly for you, and which you unhappily were not able to attend.—W."

Not less interesting as a historical curiosity is a small card table in the Prince's study. When folded up it presents on the top board a little inlaid brass plate, bearing the inscription: "On this table the preliminary peace between Germany and France was signed the 20th of February, 1871, at Versailles, Rue de Provence, No. 16." When opened there appears the central round of green cloth with the very candle-spots of yore, when Bismarck and Favre put their names under the treaty. It wanted a good deal of diplomacy on the part of the chancellor to possess himself of it. His landlady of the Rue de Provence obstinately refused to part with it for any consideration of money until the prince at last called in a cabinet-maker, ordering him to make another table exactly similar to that one. When the twins were put side by side the landlady of course decided in favor of the better-looking of the two and allowed Bismarck to carry off the original one.

The prince's own room is not only one of the largest in the house, but everything it contains bears due proportion to the size of its inmate—the gigantic mahogany writing table, the huge inkstand, the militia of immense goose quills and large pencils. Even the far stretching view from the window is in harmony with the discursive mind of the man who is reclining on one of the couches, while giving ample scope to his thoughts. The guest rooms are situated on the first floor. It need scarcely be added that they are distinguished by comfort, ease, and luxury from the Spartan nakedness of the rest of the house. It bodes peace and friendship to the state whose representative is invited to Friedrichsruhe. Here Bismarck puts out the torch of hatred; for the host's duty he considers to be to cultivate under his own roof amity and good understanding. Prince Orloff and M. de Giers stayed there when the difficulties on the Balkan peninsula, between Russia and Austria, were made up. Again, the visit of Baron Courcel, the French ambassador, was the harbinger of the present *entente* between France and Germany. On the other hand, Lord Ampthill died without having ever seen the chancellor, at least for the last eight months of his life. The moral of this is, perhaps, that when Sir Edward Malet is on his way to Friedrichsruhe we may safely conclude that an anglo-German understanding with a liberal cabinet in Downing street is no longer a contradiction.—*London World.*

His Opinion of Brown.

Nicholas Hill, the brightest lawyer probably that ever practiced in the Albany County bar, was a bluff, hearty, manly fellow, who always said what he meant and meant what he said. Of a deep, acute, logical mind, he was frank withal and could never successfully dissimulate or conceal his true sentiments. An amusing instance of this is given, when, upon a certain occasion, he apologized to a politician (we will call him Brown) for speaking of him in rather harsh terms at a great political meeting of those days. "Brown," said he, "I feel that I have said a great many hard things about you, and now that all the old issues are buried and the follies of the campaign at an end, I feel that I ought to make an apology to you for what has happened and have it settled up." "Oh, don't mind that," replied Brown; "let it pass. If you keep quiet in the future I will be satisfied." "No, no," persisted Hill; "I've called you a public thief, a liar, and a scoundrel." "Never mind, I beg of you," was the polite answer. "But I do," rejoined the lawyer; "I have called you a villain, a scoundrel, a trickster, and—and—I'll be hanged if I don't think so still." It is not narrated that Brown laughed heartily at the candor of his legal friend.—*Albany Argus.*

Going Too Far.

California Ostrich Farmer—My dear, did you feed the birds regularly while I was away?

Mrs. Ostrich Farmer—Yes, as regularly as I could. I never saw such appetites. The provisions ran short, and I had to feed them on whatever I could find around the house. I gave them two kegs of nails.

"That's right."

"And all the gate hinges and three pieces of old stove pipe."

"Yes? Glad you were so thoughtful."

"Oh! Yes, I forgot. They didn't seem to be satisfied even then, so I gave them a piece of mince-pie."

"Great Galen, woman! did you want to kill them?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Although doctors, as a rule, are particular in warning others not to attack too many large dinners, there is probably no other body of professional men who find so much honest pleasure in gathering around the festive board.

A Modern Grievance.

One of the perplexing features of modern civilization in all large towns and cities are the boys on the streets; not merely the "street boys," but the boys who often leave homes and respectable parents, but who, when turned loose in the streets, make themselves almost as formidable as the Bedouin Arabs in the neighborhood of unarmed caravans.

If they do no serious damage, they commit sufficiently numerous small depredations to make them harmful, exasperating and sometimes dangerous. They break windows, they destroy the gas lamps, they throw snowballs, often loaded with stones, ice or pieces of coal. A boy or girl poorly dressed and pushing a small cart or gathering fuel is often made the target of these missiles. They anger beyond endurance the ashmen and peddlers, the squalor and meagerness of whose equipages excite their derision. They drive away their anatomical horses, upset their carts and follow them with yells, shouts, derision and weapons, when vainly trying to escape their tormentors.

That more of them do not provoke their victims to terrible retaliation is a tribute to the general belief that the boy of the period is not a malicious, but only a wanton, ungoverned and mischievous being—not a wildcat nor even a wolf, but a monkey whose antics are prompted by a rattle-headed craving for excitement and diversion rather than a set purpose to injure or a calculation as to the amount or kind of injury and annoyance his own enjoyment may involve.

But a serious tragedy has just occurred on one of the North River piers in New York which is due entirely to the inability of a man to longer endure the actual torment inflicted upon him by a crowd of boys who hovered about him and stung him like a swarm of bees.

He is a faithful, industrious workman, strictly temperate in his habits, and given strictly to minding his own business. But he has unfortunately a defect in his speech and is afflicted with Saint Vitus' dance. This was enough to arouse the attention of the gangs of boys who hang about the piers, and they were prompt to make the most of the new sport thus providentially thrown upon their tender mercies, which, like the tender mercies of the wicked, are cruel.

They at once began taunting him and annoying him with all conceivable ingenuity, and found exceeding great delight in his eccentric efforts to retort. They finally gave a practical turn to their jesting by throwing snowballs, stones and brickbats, absolutely interfering with the work of this man and his fellow-workmen.

The fusilade of fifty boys may easily be heavy enough to bring great public enterprises to a stand-still, and in this case it put a stop to the loading of coal, which the man was superintending. At last his patience was exhausted, and, going into his canal boat, he brought back his pistol, threatening to shoot unless the assaults of the boys ceased. They did not cease, and he fired, instantly killing a young man engaged at the hoisting rope. The testimony is conflicting as to whether he was concerned in the assault. In any event the killing will probably be held as manslaughter.

The penalty of death will never be allowed as a proper punishment for the misdeeds of these Arabs of the street; but those who know the amount of misery and loss they can inflict will see the necessity of some kind of regulation for them and punishment for their offenses, which shall be recognized as adequate. Unless something of the kind is provided it will begin to be hard to persuade juries to convict a man for turning with desperation and protecting himself at all hazards from what becomes, on account of his helplessness, well nigh intolerable. It is a wrong for which there ought to be somewhere a proper remedy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In the market places of several Western Mexico towns peasant women bring in for sale trays, covered with living ants, each about as big and round as a large white currant, and each entirely filled with honey or grape sugar, much appreciated by the ingenuous Mexican youth as an excellent substitute for toffee. They hold the ant by its head and suck out the honey, with which its back parts are greatly distended, and throw away the empty body. Women buy the ants by the quart, press out the honey through a muslin strainer and make it into a sweet intoxicant that is greatly enjoyed by Mexican youth and husbands.

Soapstone for Walls.

The latest invention for covering walls and ceilings is called "soapstone finish," and is mainly composed of pulverized steatite. It takes a high polish, is pearl-gray in tint, presents the best possible surface for painting, either in oil or in water-color, and will neither crack nor chip. It is claimed to be a non-conductor and non-absorbent, and can be washed without injury. Nails can be driven into it without damage. When subjected to heat, and moisture and chemical fumes, it is said to give no smell; it also does not turn yellow with age. It is recommended for hospitals, factories, cellars, markets, closets, pantries and kitchens, and is pleasanter to the eye than ordinary whitewash or cheap paper.—*The Milestone.*

The language of flowers: Poor Charlie sighed and said, "My favorite flower, my dear, is the forget-me-not." "And mine," she said, "is mari-gold," and then poor Charlie knew the game was up, and got.—*Judge.*

It Was Too Good.

"Now, then," said Smith, as the last load of furniture was dumped into the new house, and he grabbed his grip-sack to make for the train, to be gone a week, "I'll show you how the burglar alarm works. This is the main switch, and this is the contemptuous ringer. When you go to bed to-night set them both, and then go down stairs and open the cellar door. That will start the ringing and keep it up all the time I'm gone."

"But how can I sleep with the bell ringing all the time?"

"You can't and you are not expected to. What do you suppose a burglar alarm is for, but to keep people awake to be ready for burglars?"

She stood it for thirty-six hours and then telegraphed him:

"I have stopped the ringing and hired four men with shot-guns in the place of it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE - CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALLET STS

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

☞No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY APRIL 30, 1885.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

A WARNING.

The inhabitants of Plymouth, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, situated a few miles from Wilkesbarre, are having a terrible experience with disease resulting from neglect to keep their town in a cleanly condition. An epidemic of typhoid fever is ravaging the place. Dispatches to the newspapers from the place give the following particulars:

"Already over one thousand cases are reported and the disease is spreading with fearful rapidty. So far thirty-six fatalities are reported, and during Saturday thirteen died. The epidemic partakes somewhat of the character of malarial fever. In its early stages the symptoms are slight feverishness, thirst and chills. In the latter stages, however, the marked symptoms of typhoid fever show themselves, and peritonitis is a frequent concomitant, and invariably results in death.

The disease is attributed chiefly to the unhealthy condition of the town and the entire absence of all sanitary arrangements. There is not a paved street or a properly constructed drain in the town, and, except along one portion of Main street, not a sewer in the whole borough. The town is situated partly on the flats by the river bank and partly on the hill above, and though the disease is more violent and universal in the lower portion, it also prevails on the hill sides. The drainage from the houses is collected in cesspools, which are never emptied, but when one is full another is dug. The streets, lanes and alleys are the common receptacles of garbage and offal of all kinds, and in every vacant lot ashes and garbage accumulate. Some portions of the town also derive their water from wells which are more or less polluted.

The physicians, of whom there are thirteen in the town, are kept busy day and night, and can hardly get time to eat or sleep. They find it impossible to attend to all their patients properly, and have appealed to the County Medical Society for aid.

The residents of the town are in a terrible state of consternation. They are utterly powerless to grapple with the disease, which has entered nearly every household. The distress and despair in some families are harrowing. As a rule, the residents of Plymouth are of the poorest class, nearly all being miners and laborers. In many instances both father and mother are prostrated with the disease, and were it not for the generous aid of neighbors, scarcely more fortunate than themselves, their poor children would starve. In some instances, where the father has died, the whole family has been forced to seek sustenance in the poorhouse. They are hoping for cold weather as the only thing that will allay the disease and give them time to take some sanitary measures before the heat of summer. A public meeting is talked of, when some general plan of action will be decided on.

The situation of Plymouth to-day is a terrible warning to other towns. Dirt and disease go hand in hand. Cleanliness in addition to being next to Godliness, is very close to healthfulness.

The borough authorities of Bristol should pay particular heed to the lesson. The first move of Council should be towards removing all filth from the public streets and alleys, and the requirement that private property should be kept free from anything that tends to vitiate the atmosphere. This will require money, but money could not be spent to better advantage. Even if the continuation of the permanent repairs of the streets has to be postponed for another season, it would be well to let that matter rest until the town is in first class sanitary condition.

We do not urge this matter upon the ground that Bristol is in worse condition than her neighbors. We do not think so. The borough will probably compare favorably, as far as cleanliness is concerned, with any one of its size in the Commonwealth. But there is now special reason for care. The cholera is expected to visit this country this summer. Cities, boroughs and villages are being put in the best condition to meet the disease. Boards of Health are organized in many places, and health officers, clothed with ample authority to investigate and act, have been appointed. It remains for Bristol to do likewise, and it is to be hoped that that body, which the people have chosen to act for them, will not be derelict in their duty in this particular.

—The Florida travel increases every year. There are fifteen large hotels in Jacksonville, which in five months last season entertained 31,357 guests, while during the season just closing they had 36,072 visitors. In addition to this great number it is estimated that the boarding houses accommodated as many more.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION

Set it down as an incontrovertible truth that liquor saloons are not the creations of license laws, or any other civil enactments. (The original purpose of requiring a license, was to limit the number and curtail the mischief of dramshops.) Drinking saloons do not owe their existence to a few lines on a statute book; no, nor are they to be entirely and permanently uprooted by simply enacting a few opposite lines on a statute. If so, the problem would be very simple and manageable. The liquor traffic, whether it be conducted by the hogshead or the gill, whether in the marbable hotel or in the vilest cellar, is the creature of the drinking usages. To fight dramshops without any efforts to keep people from drinking intoxicants, would be to organize police forces and build jails without ever teaching a human being that it is a crime to steal. The only way to reach an evil is to go its fount-head. The fount-head of liquor selling is liquor drinking. Deeper down than any civil enactments—whether high license, low license, or no license—lie the drinking usages, and every remedy is transient and superficial that does not reach them. I do not dispute that the saloon tempts thousands to drink intoxicants who might not be tempted otherwise, but it is true that even the worst dram-seller does not open a saloon from sheer malice, to kill off his neighbors. He opens it simply to make money by ministering to appetite, and by supplying his whiskys and wines to his customers, and commonly he has no scruples as to increasing the number of his customers. Those customers, be it understood, are sharers and partners of his crime If he opens a hell, they feed its fires. It is time that temperance advocates ceased to denounce saloon keepers as fiends and to speak of their customers as poor, innocent people, who never go voluntarily to a bar room counter. If dram selling is a sin, so is drunkenness, and so is any patronage of the dram shops.

The most effectual way to break up the liquor traffic is to get away its customers and starve it out. Here lies the wisdom of creating counter-attractions to the saloon, whether it be the attraction of home, or of a "coffee tavern," or anything else that tends to keep men or boys from the slaughter-house. But it is certain as gravitation, that if any number of persons in any community are determined to have intoxicants, they will somehow manage to get them, even if we pile our prohibitory laws as high as the Brooklyn bridge towers. They will get them either by stealthy evasion of law, or by importing liquors for their own private use, or by some other process. Righteous and beneficial as are laws of prohibition when well enforced, yet to rely on law alone, without any moral efforts against liquor drinking, would be as insane as to dam up a torrent at its mouth, while neglecting to dry up its fount-head. That fount-head, we repeat again, is the drinking usages, which demand, which create, and which maintain the hotel bar and the dramshop. Prohibitory laws help us, and many good people claim that "high license" laws aid us also; but the one permanent cure for dram selling is to break up the habit of dram drinking. If nobody drinks whisky, nobody will offer whisky. This is the happy case in the town of Bassbrook, Ireland, where four thousand sober, sensible people keep everything like a liquor shop out of their towns Prohibition is automatic in such a community.

By this time, my readers will understand, why—even as a Prohibitionist—I insist that it is fatal folly for us temperance reformers to direct our efforts entirely, or even chiefly, in the line of civil enactment or political action. Votes and laws are the product of human convictions of duty; neither votes nor laws are efficient without conscientious convictions behind them. To awaken, to solidify, and to maintain these convictions, is the sure key and the only key to permanent success in the great conflict against the bottle, whether that bottle stands on a private table or on the counter of a gin shop. We must address ourselves, therefore, to the individual conscience of people, old and young, and ply them with arguments and persuasions to let the bottle alone. The best days the temperance movement ever saw, were the days in which its chief effort was to make people conscientious abstainers from every kind of intoxicants, to make them unwilling to enter a drink shop, or to let the drink from the shop enter them. Fundamentally, the temperance reform is not a political movement; it is a grand moral and social reform, which only invokes the aid of civil law to accomplish its beneficent results.

Right here comes in the prodigious power and responsibility of the Christian church. Drunkenness and grog-selling are sins; it is the province of God's church to lay the axe to the root of all sins. The church has no more right to blink these sins than it has to blink Sabbath breaking, blasphemy, adultery, falsehood or dishonesty. Nor can minister or Christian people shirk their duty and regulate this vital question to the politician and the policeman, without treason to God. The bottle damns immortal souls! Let the pulpit, therefore, make no truce with it, let conscientious parents banish it from their tables and social gatherings; let every boy and girl in our Sunday Schools be instructed to practice total abstinence. Prevention of drinking is vastly safer, stronger, surer than prohibition of selling. It goes to the root, because it cuts up the drinking usages. I rejoice also that temperance school books are being introduced into public and private schools, to warn every child against the serpent of alcohol. This, too, goes to the root; save the children, and you in time, save the nation. Brethren and sisters in this glorious reform, let us use civil law as a powerful auxiliary; but let us not forget that deeper down than legal penalties lie conscience and custom. When conscience is reached and customs are reformed, the reform is permanent. Above all we need God's help, God's gospel, and God's Almighty Spirit. Death to the bottle is the only sure death to dramshop; and the bottle can only be broken by appeals to the consciences, hearts and the habits of our fellow men. You may build only a political castle in the future if you will, I for one, prefer to build solid results on a solid rock.—*Independent.*

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Pasteur's system of vaccination for anthrax, of which French farmers have so eagerly availed themselves, has been most successfully tried by the Government of India—ponies, donkeys, cows, bullocks, buffaloes, elephants, sheep and guinea-pigs having been effectually protected against fatal attacks of that distructive disease. A laboratory for the manufacture of the "vaccine" has been located at Bengal, and if successful, will be followed by similar establishments in other centres. A veterinary surgeon was some time ago sent to study with Pasteur, and it is recommended that others receive similar instruction.

It is possible, according to French authority, to fortell the weather, sometimes ten or twenty hours in advance, by observing and comparing the sounds emitted by a telephone connected by leads with two iron bars stuck in the ground a few yards apart. In case of a thunderstorm especially, a noise like that of shivering leaves increases until a flash of lightning occurs, when the sound resembles that of rain or hail falling on grass.

A new alloy melts at 160 degrees Fahr., or considerbly below the temperature at which the magical spoons of long ago melted in a cup of tea Its composition is: bismuth, 48, cadmium, 13, lead, 19, tin, 29. It will stand severe pressure, and is especially adapted to many important uses.

It has been observed in Russia that extreme cold converts tin into a semi-crystalline mass containing large cavities. In one instance the pipes of a church organ were so altered by cold as to be no longer sonorous.

The membership of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was doubled at the annual meeting in Boston in 1880, has rapidly increased since, and has now reached 2347. Its members are drawn from no less than 597 places.

The laborious investigations of De Candolle into the difficult question of the origin of cultivated plants have covered 247 species, of which 193 are now known to be wild at the prosent day, 27 are classed as doubtful, and 27 others are not found wild at all. There is every reason for believing that at least seven of these last—or nearly three per cent of the entire number—are absoutely extinct. "That something like three per cent of the species of phenogamous plants," says a reviewer of De Candolle's work, "have become extinct during the historical epoch, and this not in small islands but on vast continents without any modifications of climate, is perhaps the most important general result reached by this investigation."

Reports collected since the memorable eruption of Krakota in August, 1883, have shown that the explosions were heard over a circle of 30 degrees radius. A more astonishing announcement still is now made by Dr. F. A. Forel, the well known Swiss physicist. He has learned that on the day of the great eruption startling subterranean noises resembling the rolling of distant thunder were heard in Caiman Brac, a small island of the Carribean Sea, near the antipodes of the volcano of Sunda Strait. These sounds cannot readily be attributed to any neighboring volcanic disturbance, and Dr Forel is forced to infer that they may have been propagated through the entire diameter of the earth. To test this bold hypothesis inquiries are to be made concerning the exact hour at which the detonations were heard in Cainman-Brac.

From an examination of several skulls found in North and South America, and believed to have belonged to inhabitants living before the glacial period, Dr. Kollmann concludes that the races of that ancient epoch are those of to-day, the same cranial and facial forms being found, in spite of lapse of time and change of environment.

While malaria belongs chiefly to low-lying districts it may, under favorable conditions, exist at great elevations. On the Tuscan Apennines it is found at a height of 1100 feet above sea-level; on the Pyranees and Mexican Cordilleras, 5,000 feet; on the Himalayas, 6,400 feet; on the island of Ceylon, 6,500 feet; and on the Andes, 11,000 feet. Under ordinary circumstances, however, a certain moderate altitude affords immunity from malaria. The elevation of entire security is not positively known, but it has been approximated as follows: in Italy, 400 to 500 feet; in California, 100 feet; in the Appalachian chain of the United States, 3,000 feet; in the West Indies, 1400 to 1800 feet; in India, 2000 feet. In any of these regions malaria may drift up ravines to an indefinite height.

A remarkable property of the ice-plant, botanically known as *mesembryanthemum crystalinum*, is its absorption of salt, a fluid exuded by its leaves having been found to contain about 33 per cent. of seasalt. For this reason it is suggested that the plant may be advantageously grown on lands made unproductive by an excess of salt.

Several years ago the Chinese destroyed their great forests. Abbe David, the French naturalists, now expresses the belief that they did this to rid themselves of tigers, leopards, and other formidable beasts. Ancient forests exist in China only among the mountain ranges, and the plains are so completely cultivated that native plants are seldom found.

The attention of the French Academy of Sciences has been called to a new process of hardening plaster of Paris. The product is recommended for floors, being as durable as oak and costing only one-fourth as much.

The Indians, according to Prof. J. W. Powell, were the "mound-builders," and some build mounds to the present day.

—In speaking of minor ailments connected with digestion, Dr. Lander Brunton said recently that headaches were usually dependent either upon the presence of decayed teeth or of some irregularity in the eyes, more especially in the difference of focal lengths between the two. As persons who were subject to headaches in their youth grew older, bilious headache was very apt to be replaced by giddiness, and this change came when people needed spectacles.

—In an address to the graduating class of the Cincinnati Medical College, Dr. Haight said: "Even the elderly ladies in a neighborhood, although they do not belong to the profession, have oftentimes pet ideas of how this or that should be done, to which experience has taught them to cling, and these ideas are sometimes very useful to the young doctor, and so will be the old lady if you give her the credit she deserves."

—An immense ledge of white metal has been discovered in Antelope Valley, Mono county, Cal, the nature of which puzzles all mining experts to whom specimens have been submitted. The metal is fusible at first, but after the first time it yields to nothing except a mixture of acids. A pound of rock yields half a pound of the metal, and there are millions of tons in the plant. It contains platinum.

—A number of New York capitalists have bought a tract of land at Jenkintown, on which they expect to erect fifty suburban residences. Spring water and electric lights are included in the advantages to be offered.

—A meeting of creamery owners was held at Buckingham Valley creamery last week, when steps were taken to organize "The United Creamerymen's Association of Bucks county."

—Plantinum has been discovered in New South Wales in connection with gold in the Ophir district. It has been found in the form of small grains in the Hunter and Macleas districts, and a nugget weighing 268 grains was obtained from Wiseman's Creek with alluvial gold. The sand of the seacoast near Richmond River is also found to contain the precious metal.

—When the boarding house keepers at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park are ready to receive boarders, flags are raised over their respective caravansaries to notify the world of the fact. Those flags have commenced to wave.

—The Supreme Courts of New York and Massachusetts have settled the matter as to who owns a medical prescription. The substance of the decision is, that the physician, in prescribing, gives the patient a written order for drugs, and their delivery terminates the operation. The druggist may, on his own responsibility, renew the drugs, for he is a merchant, and has a right to sell drugs in any shape. He is not bound to give a copy of the prescription, nor even to keep it, though he usually retains it as a protection in case of error on the part of doctors or patients.

—The *Christian Standard* reports Rev. S. W. Thomas, presiding elder of North Philadelphia district, will have charge of the Simpson Grove camp meeting this year. Rev. Enoch Stubbs will superintend the Chester Heights camp, and Rev. T. T. Satchell will preside over the Landisville camp.

WEDDING AT ERWINNA.—On Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's parents, and in the presence of a large assemblage of invited guests, Josephine King, daughter of Barzilla Williams, of Erwinna, was married to Stacy B. Purcell, of Portland, Pa. The bridesmaids were Misses Annie K. Huffman, of Clinton, Anna Barber, of Lambertville, and Laura Emery, of Frenchtown; the groomsmen being Dr. Anderson, of Portland, and Messrs. Al. Goodale, of Dover, and Ed. Smith, of Lambertville. Messrs. James Hoffman, Jr, of Clinton, and Laugdon W. Harris, of Newfield, New Jersey, acted as ushers. The wedding march was rendered by Miss Lizzie Lee, of Clinton. The room was brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated, a large horse shoe, composed of flowers, hanging directly over the bride and groom, being particularly conspicuous. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Filson, of the Frenchtown Presbyterian church. The bride and groom were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents. The bridal party left on the evening train for their wedding tour amid the best wishes of their many friends. At the depot the Frenchtown band put in an appearance, treating them to a serenade previous to their departure.—*Intelligencer.*

—"Going to roll on wheels" is what an Illinois minister calls roller skating.

—General Grant is pronounced by the attending physician to be better than at any time within a month.

—President Cleveland is expected to make 500 appointments to office in Virgina next week.

—Joseph Dunlap, of Conshohocken, aged thirteen years, lost his life a few days since by jumping on freight cars.

—Vienna has ten times as many doctors in proportion to population as London.

—The Ohio Legislature has passed a law requiring the saloons of Cincinnati to remain closed from midnight to 6 o'clock A. M.

—Harvard College students have a room decorated with the handkerchiefs snatched by college boys while in political processions last fall from the hands of the girls on the side-walks.

—It still looks very war-like in Europe. Both the English and Russian governments are making active preparations for a great conflict. If war does come it will shake the whole Eastern continent.

—Lou Perkins, the daughter of a former tenant of E. J. Baldwin, of Los Angeles, Cal., has instituted a suit for breach of promise, claiming damages to the amount of $500,000, against Mr. Baldwin. She asserts that she has his promise of marriage in writing.

—United States Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, denounces Cleveland as a conspicuous and humiliating failure for keeping Republicans in office, and says he is being run by a couple of Mugwump organs in New York.

—The Czar has sent an ultimatum to Great Britain, demanding that the latter shall accept Russia's proposed boundary line between Turkestan and Afghanistan. If Great Britain refuses to accept this boundary, Russia will proceed to occupy Herat.

—The Allentown *Democrat* says:—"Fritz Warner, truck gardener on the northern side of that city, has a crop of 7,000 heads of lettuce on his premises, the same in various stages of growth, some ready for marketing, and the rest in a shape for coming in profit gradually during the next six weeks."

The widow of Gen. Custer relates that, in a Dakota Indian dance, a four-year-old boy was brought to the circle by his mother and left to make his little whirling gyrations around the ring of the dancers. It was explained that he had won his right to join in the festivities of the tribe. Of the four Indians of a rival tribe left on a battlefield, one, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead when the retreat took place. A squaw incited the child to plunge a knife into the wounded warrior. As a reward he acquired the privilege of joining in all celebrations, and the right to wear an eagle feather standing straight from the scalp-lock of his tiny head. The mother's eyes gleamed with pride as she watched the miniature warrior admitted among the mature and experienced braves.

☞EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.—Regarding Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," the writer, Prof. A. B. Chandler, Principal of the Academy, Brookhaven, Miss., says: "I suffered from torpidity of the Liver and Bowels and Paralysis. I used the 'Favorite Remedy' for two months, and am now able to use my side, which for a long time had been like a piece of dead flesh. My general health was never better than at present."

☞SOMETHING FOR THE BABY.—What what a terrible affliction about the house is a cross, crying baby! A young man on the very edge of matrimony might easily be frightened from his purpose by having too much of that sort of music at the homes of his married friends. Yet babies cry commonly only when they are sick. One teaspoonful of Parker's Tonic, given the little one, will bring rest and sleep to the baby and all in the house. Only 50 cents, at druggists.

☞A. Stankowitch, the well-known and experienced piano tuner of Philadelphia, makes regular visits to Bristol to tune the instruments of his regular customers, and will also accommodate parties at any time through the year. Orders can be left at the GAZETTE office or sent to him at 1534 Vine street, Philadelphia, and will receive prompt attention.

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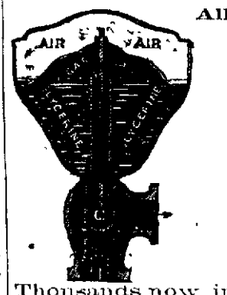
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The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1885.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

PUBLISHER'S BULLETIN.

Single copies of the GAZETTE, in wrappers for mailing at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Cabeens' News Agency, Mill street.

If you take this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., 4:00 and 6.46 P.M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7:00 and 8:45 A. M., and 1.00, 4.00 and 7.30 P. M. Closes 5:45 and 10.15 A. M., 2:50 and 6.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11:30 A. M. Closes 12.00 M.

OXFORD VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE—Arrives 10:00 A. M. Closes 11.30 A. M.

BELVIDERE, TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND HORNSVILLE—Arrives 4:00 P. M. Closes 8.00 A. M.

TRENTON—Arrives 10.00 A. M. and 4:00 and 7.30 P. M. Closes 8.00 A. M., and 4:00 and 6.10 P. M. WESTERN—Arrives 10:00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Last direct mail for New York City closes at 6.30.

Post Office closes at 8 P. M. Saturday night at 8.30 P. M.
W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—2.42, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.21, 7.50, 8.11, 8.23, 9.46, 10.56 A. M., 12.15, 1.35, 3.05, 3.21, 4:11, 5.43, 6.39, 7.01, 9.38, 11.20 P. M. Sundays.—8.11, 9.00 A.M., 12.25, 5.24, 6.08, 7.15, 9.28 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—12.01, 6.06, 6.50, 7.31, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M., 12.01, 2.00, 3.24, 4.20, 5.00, 5.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.35, 7.16, 9.10, 10.16, 11.15 P. M. Sundays.—12.01, 7.40, 8.30, 8.16 A. M., 2.06, 6.00 and 6.30 P. M.

For Trenton.

1.11, 1.05, 7.38, 8.30, 9.16, 11.00, 11.56 A.M., 12.51, 3.01, 4.16, 5.23, 5.36, 6.29, 6.42, 7.00, 7.09, 7.30, 10.01, 11.11 P. M. Sundays.—9.16, 9.49 A. M., 3.05, 7.09 P.M.

From Trenton.

2.22, 6.30, 7.00, 7.56, 8.00, 9.25, 10.41, 11.55 A. M., 1.18, 2.49, 3.00, 3.50, 5.25, 6.20, 6.52, 7.40, 9.18, P. M. Sundays.—2.22 A. M., 12.01, 5.00, 5.51, 9.05, 11.00 P. M.

For New York.

1.05, 7.28, 9.16, 11.56 A. M., 5.30, 6.43, 7.09, 10.01 P.M. Sundays.—1.05, 9.16 A.M., 7.09, P. M.

From New York.

6.20, 8.40, 11.10 A. M., 1.00, 4.40, 5.00, 7.00, 12.00 night. Sundays.—10.00 A. M., 4.00, 7.00 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

[illegible] Lodge, 19, K. of P. Washington Hall. Friday evenings.

Hopkins Lodge, 87, I. O. O. F. Washington Hall. Wednesday evenings.

Fidelity Council, 21, Jr. O. U. A. M. Mohican Hall. Thursday evenings.

[illegible] Tribe, Imp. O. R. M. Mohican Hall, Monday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty Post, 73, G. A. R. Mohican Hall. Every other Tuesday evening.

Bristol Castle, 103, A. O. K. M. C. Mohican Hall. Friday evenings.

Bristol Lodge, 25, A. Y. M. Masonic Hall. Saturday evenings on or before full moon.

Bristol Division, 107, Sons of Temperance. Cabeen's Hall. Tuesday evenings.

Martha Washington Chamber, No 2, O. K. F. Washington Hall. Thursday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty League, No. 20, L. L. L. Mohican Hall. Every other Wednesday evening.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA.—For Philadelphia, 7.00 A. M. and 4.00 P. M.
" From Philadelphia, 2 and 6 P. M.
TWILIGHT.—For Philadelphia, 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M.
" From Philadelphia, 7 A. M. and 3 P. M.
SILVER STAR.—For Philadelphia, 8.00 A. M.
" " From Philadelphia, 2.30 P. M.
" " For Bordentown, 4.30 P. M.

—Suckers are plenty.

—Business in the canal has been very poor so far this season.

—The ball-tossers of Bristol are getting ready for business.

—The Bristol Bicycle Club were out in force last Saturday.

—Don't forget to go to the Stereoptican next Tuesday night, in St. James' Chapel.

—Shad are plenty and cheap; prices range from twenty-five to seventy-five cents.

—Dr. Howard Pursell has moved into his new residence on Radcliffe street.

—The rain last Sunday materially decreased the size of the church congregations

—George Horn has purchased the property on Mill street now occupied by Hibbs Goforth of Jesse Webster for $2500.

—Messrs. Sherman & Peirce are busy manufacturing large quantities of strawberry boxes and crates.

—The calico reception last night at Cabeen's hall for the benefit of Rev. H. F. Miller, was but slimly attended.

—Senator Jonathan Chace wife and daughter, of Rhode Island paid a short visit to Morton A. Walmsley one day this week.

—A fine tree in front of the residence of William H. Grundy was blown down by the high wind yesterday morning.

— Stacy B. Pursell and bride were in Bristol last Tuesday, visiting Mr. Pursell's brother and shaking hands with old friends.

—There was a large crowd of people present on the banks of the Mill pond, on Sunday last to witness the immersion of a colored Baptist.

—The willow tree back of the Episcopal chapel was blown over yesterday morning. It was planted a number of years ago by Rev. William Perkins.

—The Mill street wharf is to be put in first class order at as early a day as possible. Work will be commenced on it next Monday if the weather permits.

—Joseph Heston has returned from Florida to Bristol. Mrs. Heston and Elwood, who have also been spending the winter in Florida, are in Philadelphia.

—The steamboat Twilight has commenced making double trips, leaving Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M., and Bristol at 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M.

—There was a great waste of sweetness in front of S. Scott's store, on Mill street, last Monday morning. A barrel of molasses dropped from Burton's express wagon on the pavement, stove in the head and spread the contents on the ground. The loss amounts to about $25.

AT THE RINK.

The Rink will be open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday during the day, next week.

The Armory Rink, of Camden, will visit Bristol this evening in large force, having chartered a boat for that purpose.

Frank A. Conly, the well-known humorist, will appear at the rink on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of next week and will give specimens of his versatile talents.

Miss Bessie DeCamp, of New York City, who is described as a young lady of charming appearance and extraordinary skill, will give an exhibition at the Rink on Saturday evening.

The great attraction of the season will take place to-morrow evening. The long talked of Fancy Dress Carnival will then hold sway. For this event much preparation has been made and we are assured that there will be some very handsome costumes on the floor, as well as a number of ludicrous and unique ones.

There was a large attendance at the Rink last Saturday evening. Over 1,200 tickets were sold. The members of the Grand Army of Bristol had the affair in charge and the net proceeds were for the benefit of the Post here. The Leland family were engaged by Mr. Wright to furnish the entertainment for the evening. On Saturday morning, when it was too late to find other attractions word was received from the Leland Family manager that they would not be able to keep their engagement. Sickness of one of the memebers was the alleged excuse. The audience was somewhat disappointed, but took the matter good-naturedly.

—The following books have been placed in the Bristol Library to-day: "How Success is Won," "Little Biographies," Sarah K. Bolton; "John Knox," Wm. M Taylor; "Boots and Saddles, or Life in Dakota with General Custer," Elizabeth B. Custer; "Goethe's Life," George Henry Lewis; "Life of Schiller," Thomas Carlyle; "Life and Travel in India," Mrs. Leonowens; "The Monroe Doctrine; History of its Origin and Growth," George F. Tucker; "American Political Ideas," John Fiske; "Stories by American Authors," Vol. 10; "The Making of a Man," by the Author of His Majesty Myself, etc.; "Pink and White Tyranny," H. B. Stowe; "Trajan, A Novel," Henry F. Keenan; "The Entailed Hat, or Patty Cannon's Times," George A. Townsend; "Counterparts, or, The Cross of Love," "Dust, A Novel," Julia Hawthorne; "Ramona," Helen Jackson (H. H.); "Where the Battle was Fought," Charles Egbert Craddock; Eight copies of Franklin Square Library.

—The Philadelphia Health Board has made a move against poisonous water sources. If the wells and pumps, dangerous to health in the city are not filled up within thirty days by the landlords upon, or in front of whose property they are situated, the Board will do it for them. Energetic action in time will save a number of lives that would otherwise be needly sacrificed. The question for Bristol's Sanitary Committee to determine is, are there any such wells in this borough?

—The business of fitting stores and private residences with electrical alarms, call bells, and appliances for gas lighting has been taken up by William S. Daniels, in connection with his carpentering work. The convenience and usefulness of electricity in its household application is so obvious that there is little doubt that Mr. Daniels will be extensively patronized. His work, so far as we have noticed, is done in a first class manner, and with the latest improvements in the way of bells and batteries.

—The Bristol Choral Society will hold its meeting next Monday at the residence of Harry Bradfield, on Mill street on the following Monday evening, May 5, the final rehearsal of the season will be given at the residence of Mrs. J. Cone, in which occasion Mrs. Wevill, of Philadelphia, will be present and take part in the rendering of the oratorio of the "Messiah."

—The largest shad taken for years was captured at Bristol on Tuesday morning by David Lyndall. It measured 2? inches in length and weighed when taken from the water precisely nine pounds. It was purchased by Walter R. Johnson, who paid $5 for it. Before taking it home Mr. Johnson had a photograph taken of the fish, life size, at Bostwick's gallery.

—Rev. Herbert F. Miller Pastor of the A. M. E. Church of Bristol will preach his farewell sermon to the congregation here on next Sunday evening. He has received a call to a Presbyterion Church in New York City and will remove there next week.

—The dwelling of Mrs. Mary A. Wright, at the corner of Mulberry and Wood streets, was broken into last Saturday night while the family were at the rink and several dollars in money taken.

—Charles Wright has leased of Caleb N. Taylor the Tomlinson property, on the corner of Bath and Otter streets, and will fit up the building for a general dry goods and grocery store.

EARLY EVENTS.

"Iron Mask," of the Germantown *Telegraph*, continues to dip into the ancient records. In this week's paper he says:—One of the earliest trials in Bucks county for a capital offence was that of negro "Dick," tried at Bristol in 1709 in the reign of "our Sovereign Lady Anne." The case was tried on the 8th of March of that year before Thomas Stevenson and John Rowland, two Justices of the Peace specially commissioned to try the prisoner, and freeholders Joshua Hoopes, John Hough, Harman Vansant, William Biles, Jr., Frances White and Samuel Beakes. The negro "Dick" belonged to William Williams, of Bensalem. He was charged with the burning of his master's barn and outhouse, with their contents, consisting of corn and live stock, principally sheep. The penalty for the offence of arson at that time was death. The justices and freeholders convicted the prisoner. The judgment of the Court was "that the negro 'Dick' is to return to the place from which he came and from thence to the place of execution, and then to be hanged with his body upon a tree till he be dead, dead, dead, and the Lord have mercy on his soul." On the 13th day of March, 1709, this entry was made on the bill of indictment: "The justices and freeholders meeting in order to sign ye warrant of execution for ye negro within named. The justices signed and five of ye freeholders, but Francis White, one of the freeholders, refused to sign." History sheds no light on the final fate of "Dick."

There are many indistinct evidences in the records at Doylestown of the settlement of Bucks long before the Penn occupation, in 1682. Before year 1700 there are many references to "old" articles. Where this term is applied to articles of personal property it would be said that these things had been brought over from England. But in inventories of 1687 mention is made of valuations placed on articles contained in "the old house," as distinguished from the new structure. These "old houses" propably belonged to the Swedish settlements which preceded the arrival of "the Friends."

The modern term "harness" has no place in the old inventories. The Saxon, "geers," is always used. The word harness was probably not in use to any extent before this century. Certain other old words have now passed out of use. The term "shallop," now transformed into sloop, is now rarely heard. In the middle of the last century it is frequently noted as an article of property belonging to persons living along the river. The word "batteau" was then used as it is now. "Corn" was invariably called "Indian corn." The "periwig" appears in some of the oldest inventories. William Beaks, who died in Bucks in 1687, had one among his effects.

In nothing is the change from former times more marked than in the names of fabrics sold at the stores. It would be a very hopeless task for a modern merchant to explain what is meant by the list of queer and quaint things sold in the old shops and stores in Bucks in the past century. The store of William Large, in Bristol, contained at his demise in 1765 such dry goods as "ozenbrigs," doulis," "Russia duck," "garlix," "taudum," "course rappering," "course stannering," "tanney," "calimanco," "cruell," "nonsopriety," "corking pins." Great changes have taken place, too, in the medicines upon which the forefathers depended to get well when overtaken by sickness. Some of these standard nostrums still enjoy a certain popularity which bids fair to last forever. How many generations have used Bateman's drops, Godfrey's cordial. These were popular in 1765 and many Bucks county families still use them. In addition to these the old medicines were Daffy's elixir and British oil.

—In accordance with an order issued by Mayor Silpath, of Burlington N. J., the cigar stores, drug stores, and ice cream saloons were closed last Sunday for the first time on Sunday in the history of that city. The action of the Mayor has called down upon his head the indignation of a number of the young men of the town, who have spent their Sundays in the cigar store solving the problems of the day in preference to attending church. The Mayor, however, is backed up by leading citizens, who believe that the sanctity of Sunday has been violated by the cigar stores keeping open and that the custom tended to demoralize the youth of the place. A movement is now on foot to enforce the old blue laws and to prevent milkmen and all others from serving customers on Sunday.

—Mr. Betts, of Philadelphia, has introduced a bill for the regulation of skating rinks. It provides that every skating rink shall pay an annual license of $1,000, one-half of which shall go into the State and the other into the county treasury. Any one violating this provision shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of $1,000 one-half of which shall be paid to the prosecutor.

—George W. Boileau, a well known citizen of this county, is lying dangerously ill at his residence at Newportville and is not expected to recover.

REDUCED RATES TO THE ARMY REUNION AT BALTIMORE VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—The sixteenth annual reunion of the Army of the Potomac will be held in the city of Baltimore, May 6th and 7th. Present indications foreshadow one of the most brilliant and successful gatherings ever enjoyed by this association. Great interest is being manifested by the old soldiers all over the Union, and coming as it does on the heels of the visitation to Gettysburg, there is no doubt of a large and enthusiastic attendance. The citizens of Baltimore, with their usual alacrity in such matters, are bestiring themselves to provide both entertainment and amusement for their guests, both of which they will accomplish in the most thorough manner.

The programme for the first day embraces a public meeting with a poem and oration; the second day will be devoted to a grand parade of the civic and military bodies, with receptions, banquets, excursions, &c., to fill in the intervening time. The parade will be a fine spectacle, and a magnificent display of fireworks, in which many novel effects will be introduced, form an interesting feature for one night.

Besides the soldiery of the Union, many of whom will come fresh from the field of Gettysburg, a large number of distinguished persons in civil life are expected to be present. The President of the United States, members of the Cabinet, and other men of high station, will participate in the ceremonies.

For the accommodation of the large number of visitors who will be attracted thither, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Baltimore on the following terms: From Washington to Baltimore and return on the 6th and 7th, good for the day only, at $1.50; and from all points on the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad at two cents per mile; from all points on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore and Baltimore Division of Northern Central Railway, on the 6th and 7th, good to return until the 8th, at a rate of about two cents per mile; and from all other points on their system, excursion tickets will be sold to members of the Grand Army on the presentation of card orders, to be procured by application to J. Frank Supplee, chairman, &c., Baltimore, Md., from May 2d to 7th inclusive, good to return until the 10th, at the rate of two cents per mile.

NEWSPAPERS OF TO-DAY.—People generally, and even those who may be termed steady readers and close observers, have but a faint conception of the magnitude and influence the press of this country has attained. From a careful examination of the advance pages of the 1885 edition of the *American Newspaper Directory*, issued May 1st, by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, it appears that there are 14,147 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada; of these the United States has 12,937, an average of one paper for every 3,867 persons. In 1884 the total number of newspapers was less by 823 than at present, and while the gain this year is not so marked as in some previous years, it is still considerable. Kansas shows the greatest increase, the number being 78, while Illinois follows with a gain of 77. It is curious to notice that New York, the scene of so much political activity during the last campaign, should have only about one-third as many new papers as the State of Pennsylvania. As an index to the comparative growth and prosperity of different section of the country, especially the Territories, the number of new papers forms an interesting study, and may well occupy the attention of the curious.

THE PLYMOUTH PESTILENCE.—The victems at Plymouth will not have died in vain if other country towns in this State shall be scared by the wholesale slaughter into cleaning and draining at once, before the hot weather is upon them.

Very few of these pretty villages were clear of typhoid last fall. It was invariably accounted for by the inhabitants by the low condition of the wells, owing to the long-continued drought in September. The inhabitants cheerfully waited for rain to bring it all right. Now, a low well is never unhealthy if the water in it is clean. A single case of typhoid points with unerring certainty to neglected drains or cesspools. That cause, and that only, produces this especial kind of fever. Every town, therefore, in which there was typhoid last fall, and which has remained unclean through the winter, is a field white to the harvest for cholera when it comes, for, dispute as the pathologists may about the germ of that disease and its develepement and its cure, one fact is certain, the cholera in its progress last year through southern Europe ravaged only towns that were dirty and ill-drained.

There is little doubt that all the towns and villages in Pennsylvania will clean and drain energetically this summer in preparation for the cholera; but it is quite certain that the cleaning and draining will be put off until the plague is at our doors, when the panic of the people and the hot suns of mid-summer render it safer to leave the filth as it is than to stir it up.—*Press.*

—The son of Count Glechen (the Queen of England's cousin) an officer in the Grenadier Guards, was rendered insensible by a spent shot and laid among the dead for burial lately, but, reviving, struck his own name out of the list of killed.

—The body of Lewis B. Thompson, a well-known Doylestown lawyer, was found hanging by the neck in the cellar of his house last Tuesday. A note in the handwriting of the dead man attributed the act to financial embarrassment. He was admitted to the Bucks county bar in 1853 and at one time enjoyed a large practice.

—The skating rink fever has almost completely abated in Reading. Nearly a year ago two rinks were put up and during the winter were well patronized and the proprietors made money. The Metropolitan, put up by Williamsport parties at a cost of nearly $3,000, has closed indefinitely, and it is possible that it will never be re-opened. The other rink has dispensed with day sessions altogether, except on Saturdays.

—A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, who is journeying southward, notes that white men are seldom seen working in the fields. The negroes still do the work. The picturesqueness of plantation scenes has not altogether departed. Negro women were ploughing, hoeing, and planting, and the gay colors of their headdresses—handkerchiefs chiefly—and the laugh and joke of their swarthy fellows of the other sex, gave the impression of another land as the cars whirled by.

—There should be some established value set upon stolen kisses which will be a guide to our Courts. It is astonishing the variation in the amounts asked for and received as damages for stolen kisses in different parts of the United States. In Wisconsin the price varies from $1.50 to $50, and in Ohio a lady demanded $500, which the defendent escaped paying only by pleading insanity and and being sent to an asylum. In other States there is the same want of an established value of the goods.

—L. J. Curtis, a carpenter of Kingston, near Wilkesbarre, while tearing down an old building, erected as a dwelling house half a century ago, but which has been used as a school house for thirty years, discovered secreted among the heaviest timbers over $6000 in gold and silver coin. The building was sold to John Prosser, of Kingston, only a few days ago for $10, and Mr. Prosser says that the money belongs to him, and he will have it if he has to go to law to get it. The coins are old ones, dated from thirty to fifty years back.

The editor of a Buffalo newspaper recently asked the subscribers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. More than eight hundred answers were received, and the ten inventions receiving the most votes were: The telegraph, printing press, steam engine, cotton gin, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing machine, telescope, and photography. Twenty-one votes were in favor of the steamboat, six for paper, two for timepieces, and only one for the ocean cable.

It is the opinion of many eminent British engineers that the English coals will gradually cease to be sent to the Black Sea or to the Mediterranean, and even the Red Sea, as the use of petroleum refuse in engines becomes better understood. Already it is the only fuel in use on the Caspian, either in the mercantile marine, in the Russian gunboat flotilla, or on the railways, and even in domestic stoves it is in favor throughout the Caucasus. At present, in the countries of the East, much oil refuse is poured into the sea, as the only way to dipose of it:

—There is a story current in well-informed theatrical circles that the American actress, Mary Anderson, earned only reputation during her recent apparently brilliant London engagement—that she will not bring a surplus dollar back to the United States. It is even said that she was compelled to sell her Long Branch property in order to raise funds for necessary expenses abroad. If this story should turn out to be true, it is a sad contrast to the pecuniary success of Henry Irving in this country. The English actor's earnings during his recent American tour amounted to over $250,000, after paying all expenses.

—Property in slaves was quite common among the colonists in Bucks county for a long time. There is little novelty in the statement that the Pennsylvania pioneers kept human chattles, but the fact is vividly brought to mind when one finds slaves repeatedly inventoried with the horses, cattle, sheep, implements and products of the soil which made up the possessions of the men who bore the Bucks county names we inherit. Of the many instances which could readily be given a few will serve the present purpose. In 1764 the Rev. Henry Martin, of Northampton township, died. His effects, among other things, consisted of $20 worth of books, and a negro man and boy valued at $625. In 1758 Hannah McGee died in Falls. Among her possessions were a Bible, a side-saddle, a gun, a negro girl named "Daphne" ($200) and a negro girl named "Poll" ($100). Benjamin Scott, of Bensalem, owned at the time of his death in 1757, an old negro man and his bed, worth together £3.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞At Goforth's, 66 Mill street, can be found pure teas, coffees, spices, &c.

—Upon the petition of Drs. Thomas G. Morton and A. J. Ourt, of the Board of Public Charities, an order has been issued for the commitment to the Danville Asylum of a lunatic who has been locked up in the garret of a Monroe county farm house for the past ten years. The demented man is about 32 years old. The father of the unfortunate man, who is a poor farmer, stated that his son first showed symptoms of insanity in 1874. A few months later he lost his reason altogether. After keeping him about the house for several years the father placed him in an insane asylum. There he remained for nine months, but straightened circumstances compelled his father to remove him. He then took him home and locked him in the garret, where he has lived ever since.

—Ground has been broken in Tacony for the erection of a handsome building to be known as the Disston Memorial Chapel. The total cost, which will be $25,000, will be borne by Henry Disston. The seating capacity will be for 360 persons, and of the Sunday school rooms for 350 children.

☞For pure teas, coffees, and spices go to Goforth's, 66 Mill street.

—The daughter of a "well known Brooklyn man" is said to have written a "society novel," the characters of which are said to have been drawn from members of her father's congregation. It will soon be published by a New York firm.

☞George L. Horn, at the corner of Wood and Mill streets, keeps a rst class meat market. Go and see.

The average maple sugar crop of Vermont is in the neighborhood of twelve million pounds, but this year it will exceed that amount. The Green Mountain State produces about one-third of the maple sugar crop of the country.

☞Spring neckties in profusion at Johnson Brothers', corner Mill and Wood streets.

☞Fancy flannel shirts, just the thing for Spring wear, at Johnson Brothers Clothing Store, corner of Mill and Wood streets.

☞A full line of elegant undressed kid gloves for gentleman's wear at Johnson Brothers' Clothing Store, corner of Mill and Wood streets.

A tame squirrel, released fromcaptivity by a Cape May county, N. J., family while moving, came back when the househould returned after an absence of six months.

☞Buy a pound of tea of Groff, the grocer, and get a cup and saucer.

☞Buy 6 pounds of coffee of Groff, the grocer, and get a dress pattern.

☞4 pounds of nice, new prunes for 25 cents at Groff's.

☞Finest creamery butter for 30 cents a pound at Groff's.

☞Go to Groff's new grocery store and save money. Everything new, fresh and cheap.

A farmer near Sacramento says his crop of asparagus this season will bring him $12,000, of which $9,000 will be profit. He has twelve acres of it.

☞Boss suits for men and boys, $5,00. Wood's.

—Sixty thousand dollars were spent in Chicago for flowers during the recent opera festival.

☞See the nobby straw hats, 60 cts. Wood's.

—Even in Dakota, the farmers are growing tired of grain farming and advocate mixed husbandry.

☞Real balbriggan shirts, 40 cts. Wood's.

—The rumors that Senator Stanford of California was a Spiritualist and in bad health are said to be incorrect.

☞Gents goods, best and cheapest. Wood's.

More than two-thirds of Nashville's wholesale liquor dealers, it is said, are church members.

☞Splendid plaid and check suits, $8,00. Wood's

—Mr. William M. Singerly has bought another farm in Gwynedd township for $11,500. It is the Van Leer property, adjoining his large farm, and contains ninety-seven acres.

☞The young man who purchased his spring hat at Wood's, is just 75 cts. in pocket.

The gas works owned by the city of Richmond, Va., last year furnished gas at less than 80 cents per 1000 feet, and had a net profit left, it is asserted, of $94,000.

☞See the genuine percale shirts, 80 cts. Wood's.

—During 1874 the number of persons killed on railways in Great Britain was 1,134 (as compared with 1,167 in the previous year.) The number of injured was 4,100 (as compared with 4,187 in 1883.)

☞Splendid line of calico shirts, 48 and 50 cts. Wood's.

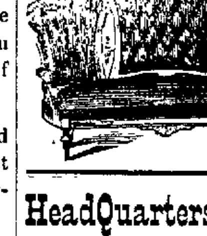
☞Summer underwear, light weight, low prices. Wood's.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND
FANCY DRESS
CARNIVAL
AT THE
BRISTOL ROLLER RINK,
BRISTOL, PA.,
ON
Friday Evening, May 1st.

GRAND MARCH AT NINE O'CLOCK.

WE ARE CROWDED
WITH BARGAINS IN
PIANOS AND ORGANS,
And offer the following at low figures:
ONE DECKER BRO.'S UPRIGHT PIANO, Nearly new.
THREE HAINES BRO.'S SQUARE PIANOS,—One scarcely used.
ONE CHICKERING SQUARE PIANO.
Every musician knows that in the line of Organs, MASON & HAMLIN leads the world; these we offer at the usual low figures; but do not confine ourselves to any make. Call before you lose these bargains.
In EASTER GOODS we offer a full line of fine
Plain and Fringed Cards, Novelties in Satin, Plush, &c., at or below city prices, also an assortment of EASTER TOYS.
H. A. BRADFIELD,
NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

BARGAINS.

Parlor Suits! Chamber Suits!
Having a Large Stock, we have Reduced Prices to make them go off fast. Reliable goods for very little cash.
IVINS & BRO.,
52 & 54 N. Second Street, below Arch,
PHILADELPHIA.

HeadQuarters for RUBBER GOODS.
Ladies, Misses and Gents Gossamer Waterproofs, Boots, Shoes, Toys and Rubber Sundries
WALLACE, JONES & CO., 827 Market Street, Philadelphia.

☞THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH.—No matter how handsome of stalwart a young man may be otherwise, nothing can make up for a partially bad head. Shining talents are attractive, but a shining poll is not. The cause may be sickness or any thing else, yet Parker's Hair Balsam will stop the loss of the hair and start a new growth of glossy and soft hair so quickly as to surprise you—restoring the original color at the same time. Not a dye, not oily, delicately perfumed. Only standard 50 cent dressing.

—The manufacture of broom corn toothpicks is a growing Kansas industry.

☞AN OPEN, FRANK LETTER.—It is by no means strange that Dr. David Kennedy should have received the following letter. By reading it you will see in one minute why its writer could recommend it.—[ED] Mr. J. W. Horner, travelling agent for Ambach, Burgander & Co., Baltimore, Md., says: "My head felt bad and I was suffering from indigestion. A trial of 'Favorite Remedy, made me feel like a new man. I cheerfully recommend it to all needing a medicine of the kind."

BRISTOL CEMETERY.

Lots 9 by 15 feet, as low as $27 each.
Lots sold on instalment.
A suitable place is reserved for single interments. WALTER R. JOHNSON, President, Hulmeville, Pa.
H. PURSELL, Secretary,
S. W. corner Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS:

FOR SALE.
A GOOD DRIVING MARE, sound and gentle, also a Phaeton and Harness, all in good condition. Apply to
ROBERTS D. JONES,
Foot of Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

SUMMER PLEASURES AND PLANS may be interfered with unless you have a bottle of Dr. Hart's Extract Blackberry and Ginger to prevent and cure attacks of Colic, Diarrhœ, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint (*so fatal to young children*), and all diseases of the stomach and bowels. A few drops in a glass of water makes a stimulating tonic drink, acting as a preventative to Cholera, as many will testify. Travelers should never be without it. At druggists, 25 & 50 cents. Send to WM. SPENCER & CO., 13th & Market Sts., Phila., Pa., for pamphlets and cards.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
WILL BE SOLD ON
Saturday, May 2d, 1885.
At 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises, in the borough of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., all that certain House and lot of Land situate upon Radcliffe street, Bristol, adjoining lands of Samuel S. Sterling and Jesse B. Mears, and late the property of Elizabeth P. Hulme, deceased.
The House is a 2 1-2 Story Frame Dwelling House, containing 7 rooms with Summer Shed attached and pump therein. The lot is 21 feet front, on Radcliffe street, and extending in depth 218 feet to Cedar street.
This property being one of the best located in the Borough, is well worth the attention of purchasers. Sale positive, to close the estate.
Conditions made known on day of sale by
WILLIAM TABRAM,
Trustee for Heirs.
WM. KINSEY, Auct.

THE BLATCHLEY
PUMP! THE BEST

BLATCHLEY'S
TRIPLE ENAMEL
PORCELAIN-LINED
OR SEAMLESS TUBE
COPPER-LINED PUMP
Do not be argued into buying inferior goods when you can get THE BEST for the same money.
C. C. BLATCHLEY,
MANUFACTURER,
308 MARKET ST., Philadelphia.
☞For sale by the best houses in the trade.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 962 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Gazette Office, BRISTOL, Pa

FOR SALE.
A PLOW PAPER CUTTER, for Printers use. In good condition. Apply at the GAZETTE Office. JESSE O. THOMAS.

AGENTS WANTED
To canvass for one of the oldest established and largest NURSERIES in the States. Established 1846. Business easily learned. For terms, address W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

STEAMBOAT SILVER STAR.
Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 8 o'clock A. M. Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2.30 o'clock P. M.
Fare, 25 cents. Excursion tickets, 40 cents.

Trips Resumed.
STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,
Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.00 A. M. and 4 P. M., touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leave Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday, at 8 15 A. M. and 4 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c.

STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT.
The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M. Sunday Excursions—leave Philadelphia at 8.30 A. M., 2.30 P. M., and Bristol at 10.30 A. M., and 5 P. M., Torresdale omitted. Excursion, 40 cts. Freight taken at low rates.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
EDWIN FORREST
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leaves Arch St. wharf.			Leaves South Trenton.		
Friday,	1,	12.30 P. M.	Friday,	1,	4.30 P. M
Saturday,	2,	1.00 P. M.	Saturday,	2,	5.00 P. M
Monday	4,	1.45 P. M.	Monday,	4,	5.45 P. M
Tuesday,	5,	5.45 A. M.	Tuesday,	5,	9.00 A. M
Wedn'day,	6,	6.15 A. M.	Wed'day,	6,	10.15 A. M
Thursday,	7,	6.45 A. M.	Thur'day,	7,	10.45 A. M

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 50 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
50 HEAD OF HORSES,
ON
Friday, May 1st.
Good workers and drivers for store and farm work, and horses fit for all and any kind of work, and a fine lot of Young Broke Mules, also Wagons, extension top Phætons, seat four to six, Side Bar Buggies and Spring Buggies; a fine lot of Single and Double Harness.
All of this stock has been selected with care.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. Conditions at Sale
J. L. WEBER, Proprietor,
114 and 116 Brunswick Ave.,
TRENTON, N. J.

THE
UNITED SERVICE.
A monthly Magazine, devoted to the interests of the Military, Naval, and Civil Service, is the only magazine of its kind published in the United States. All persons interested in the Army and Navy, National Guard, or Civil Service will find much interesting and instructive reading in its pages. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and other veterans of the War of the Rebellion and previous wars will find many old and distinguished comrades among its contributors. The series of articles on the War of the Rebellion now being published in the United Service, should be read in connection with the war articles now being issued in the Century Magazine, and by every soldier of the late war. The Civil Service matters treated in the United Service are of interest to all citizens, and reform in the Civil Service has its heartiest support. Its novels, short stories, and reminiscences of army and navy life, in war and peace, at home and abroad, make it interesting to all members of the family circle. In typographical excellence the Magazine cannot be excelled. Specimen copies sent on receipt of 25 cents. Subscription, $4.00 a year.
T. H. S. HAMERSLY, Publisher,
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GLEANINGS.

General Gordon was accustomed to appear as a lyceum speaker every winter at Woolwich, his birthplace.

The Bank of England holds one-seventeenth of the total deposits in the banks of the United Kingdom, which amounts to $2,700,000,000.

On less than 2 per cent of the area of the cotton states is grown three-fourths of all the cotton manufactured in Europe and the United States.

Samuel Eager, of Mount Pleasant, Wis., has a cane said to have been brought from ancient Nineveh and which is therefore over 4,000 years old.

George Riddell, of Carroll County, Missouri, is said to be the father of twenty-two daughters, including five sets of twins. They are all living at home.

According to the Gainsboro (Ga.) *Herald* a calf in that town has an ear, about the size of a silver dollar growing out of each eye. The animal is about fifteen months old, and can see a little.

Several type-setting machines are seeking recognition at the hands of sanguine inventors. One man says his machine can do the work of ten compositors, and reduce the cost of composition 80 per cent.

Iron bridges are sent from this country to Brazil now at the rate of about four a month. They are shipped in sections, and, when they reach Brazil, are put up in place of wooden bridges on the Brazilian highways.

In some of the rural churches in Holland it is customary to smoke during service. A foreigner, who recently preached to a Dutch congregation, had among the audience the pastor of the church, who smoked his pipe like the rest.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has just finished her seventy-first novel—ten more than one for every year of her life. Bonner has an iron-clad contract with her, binding her to write for him alone, and on demand, at $8,000 a year.

The clerk in a real estate office in Philadelphia who executes the handsomest deeds that reach the City Recorder's office, writes always with a stub pen and with the head of the blank toward him, thus writing upside down.

Large quantities of barbed wire for fencing purposes are now being shipped from this country to Brazil and Central America. A short time ago a vessel sailed for Honduras with barbed wire as one-third of her entire cargo.

A bridge over the Straits of Messina has been projected. The narrowest portion of the straits is two miles across, but the depth there is 521½ feet, while the shallowest part, which is 361 feet deep, runs between Cap del Pezzo and Ganzirri.

"West Virginia," says a Wheeling paper, "sports a lawyer who sued a dead man, got judgment, issued an execution, advertised his property, sold it, got the money, and spent the money for whisky before the court was apprised of his death."

The language of letter-seals is the latest. A seal of pink wax means congratulations; one of black, condolence; of blue, love; of purple, friendship; of red, business, and an invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax.

An entry in Washington's diary, dated February, 1768, shows the great number of visitors he entertained at that time. "Would any person believe," he says, "that with 101 cows actually reported at a late enumeration of my cattle I should still be obliged to buy butter?"

Five out of the twenty-one Presidents of the United States were of Scotch-Irish lineage—Jackson, Polk Buchanan, Johnson and Arthur; two of Scotch—Grant and Hayes; one of Welsh—Jefferson, and one of Dutch—Van Buren; the remaining twelve being of English descent.

Carlos Augero, the Cuban who fought bravely in the war of insurrection against Spain, and was recently killed in Cuba, was a mere boy, with a boy's rash pluck. He distinguished himself in various ways, so much so at times that he was more than once degraded even by his own chiefs.

The librarian of the British Museum was recently surprised by a visitor inquiring if there were any extant autographs of the Saviour. Another asked for books on the subject of sorcery, and wished to know if there was any man in the room who could raise Beelzebub for him.

When pursued by a swift dog the common gray rabbit jumps about nine feet clear on level ground. In proportion to length, a horse, to jump as far as a rabbit, would have to clear sixty-four feet at a jump. There is no quadruped that has such powerful muscles in his quarters as the rabbit, and none excel him in the muscles of his loin and back.

Some people are born exceedingly lucky, as is shown in the case of a man from Hartford Conn., who about five years ago, with a few hundred dollars, went to Kansas City and bought a small strip of land which afterward proved to be a sand bed. He bought a horse and cart and hired some shovelers, to-day his fortune is over a quarter of a million dollars.

To render new wainscoting and oak furniture dark and give it an antique appearance, ammonia, says a high authority, is the cleanest, best and cheapest material that can be used. The liquid stains commonly used raise the grain of the wood, whereas, in the use of ammonia, it is simply the fumes that color, and do it so completely that it is difficult to tell whether the wood is really new or old.

A very curious superstition is connected with the origin of the horseshoe, which is supposed to have come from the halo surrounding the heads of saints in old pictures. This halo was usually composed of a shiny metal which remained long after the picture had faded from view, leaving only this metallic horse-shoe to still receive the habitual reverence given saintly pictures from generation to generation.

Tallahassee County, Fla., boasts of a man who has lived on one farm and in one house to be sixty years of age, and yet has changed his state residence no less than four times. The incident is explained by the fact that no two out of four state line surveys have been the same, and he has alternated, therefore, between Georgia and Florida. Just now he is a Floridian, a recent survey having run the line north of his house.

A correspondent tells this: "A professional man in Tonawanda a disciple of Æsculapius, while taking a sleigh ride, overtook, on the street, a lady full of beauty and fun. He never saw her before, but invited her to take a ride. She accepted. Ten minutes later he proposed. No refusal. Ten minutes later he suggested that they go to La Salle and get married. The lady consented and he took home-to his mother a daughter-in-law."—*Niagara (N. Y.) Courier.*

A clever girl will ascertain what colors and shades are becoming to her, and will stick to them. There may be occasions when she feels like trying something different, and perhaps in striking contrast to what she generally wears. Such experiments, however, should be undertaken with caution.

We once knew a man who was almost frightened out of matrimony by seeing his lady love at a ball in a yellow dress.—*New York Ledger.*

A few days after Dickens' death an Englishman, deeply grieved at the event, made a pilgrimage to Gad's Hill, and as he was having some refreshments at the famous John Falstaff Inn, near at hand, the effusiveness of his emotions prompted him to take the waiter into his confidence. "A great loss, this, of Mr. Dickens," said the pilgrim. "A great loss to us, sir," replied the waiter, shaking his head," he had all his ale sent in from this house."

El Mehdi's Right Hand.

One night of May, eleven years ago, in a dingy back room of an old brick house in Wooster street, I met a young Frenchman who even then had played a part which had doubtless prepared him for the extraordinary adventure in which he is now engaged. He was amid a group of his friends, and just reached the city as a refugee. He had been an actor in the Paris revolt of March, 1871; he had escaped the massacre that followed the suppression of the commune; he had afterward been arrested and condemned to death; his punishment had been changed to that of banishment to the penal colony of New Caledonia, in the Pacific; he had there, with a few companions, got up a daring plan of escape; they had carried out that plan amid dangers as great as ever were encountered, and in May of 1874 the little party of fugitives had arrived in San Francisco, from where Mr Olivier Pain hastened to New York, where he spent a few days prior to his departure for England as a place of safety.

When here he looked about 30 years of age, and was tall, lithe and handsome, possessed of both the vivacity and the gravity of an experienced worldling of Paris. He had done duty on the press as an assailant of the empire; he had done service in the field during the Franco-German war, and subsequently during the revolt of Paris; he had suffered the hardships of French convict life, and was then in full flight from one kind of peril to another; but, withal, he demeaned himself as though his resources had not yet been tested.

Well, according to the cable dispatches, this young Frenchman, Mr. Olivier Pain, has for the past year been the military adviser of the "false prophet," who is now leading his wild hordes of Arabian spearmen against the British invaders of Egypt and the Soudan; and it is this same Frenchman who led the storming party that captured Khartoum and put an end to the career of Gen. Gordon. It is a long distance from Paris to New Caledonia, and from Wooster street to Soudan, but Mr. Pain has measured it; it is a queer change from convict and fugitive to his present rank in the host of the "faithful," but he has undergone it. As far back as last year the dispatches told of a mysterious Frenchman who was reported to be in the Arab camp, and was high in the confidence of El Medhi; but it was not till last January that we were assured of Mr Pain's being in command of thirteen thousand of the Medhi's troops in Metemmeh; now we have the news of his victory at Khartoum, under which the British government is now reeling.

Mr. Pain had a varied experience after leaving New York. He went to London, and next to Geneva, where he was concerned in several newspaper ventures. When the Turko-Russian war broke out he entered the Turkish service, was captured by the Russians, and condemned to death as a spy, but the sentence was not executed, and he got out of prison in time to return to France and to Parisian journalism under the amnesty of 1880. It was as a correspondent that he penetrated to the camp of El Mehdi, where his knowledge of the art of war brought him to the front. The English papers have given notice that he will be hanged as soon as Lord Wolseley gets hold of him.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

Mrs. Leslie's Diamonds.

Frank Leslie died leaving his printing house terribly involved. Mrs Leslie has redeemed it. She says:

"I had the property in reach and the assignees were ready to turn it over to me, but to get it it was necessary for me to raise $50,000. I borrowed the money, and I borrowed it from a woman. How happy I was when she signed the check, and how beautiful it seemed to me to see one woman helping another. I borrowed the money in June, and was to make the first payment of $5,000 on the 1st of November. On the 29th of October I paid back the $50,000 with interest. From June to the 29th of October I made $50,000 clear. I had also to pay $30,000 to the creditors who did not come under the contract. While I was paying this $80,000 of my husband's debts, I spent but thirty dollars for myself except for board. I lived in a little attic room without a carpet and the window was so high that I could not get a glimpse of the sky unless I stood on a chair and looked out. When I had paid the debts and raised a monument to my husband, then I said to myself, 'now for a great big pair of diamond earrings,' and away I went to Europe and here are the diamonds."

The diamonds are perfect matches, twenty seven carats in weight and are nearly as large as nickels.—*Interview in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Was Not Interested.

He rang the door bell of a house on Cass avenue and when the owner himself opened the door handed him a sealed envelope.

"Recipe for the cholera," he said in a brisk jerky voice, "only 25 cents."

"But, my dear sir, I don't want it," said the citizen drawing back. "I haven't any use for it. Cholera is something we never indulge in."

"Take it and I'll throw in the celebrated treatise by the great Dr. O——, 'How the Cholera Travels,' in book form."

"My friend," said the Cass avenue man, gently but firmly, "I don't care a continental how the cholera travels—whether it is in book form, on a steam yacht, or in a palace car. What I particularly desire just now is to see you travel; ta-ta"

The agent took the hint and his departure at the same moment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Weapon of Offense.

Mr. Winks—Goodness me! There is a young couple looking at that vacant house next door, and they've got a baby—looks awful cross, too.

Mrs. Winks—Horrors! What shall we do? Can't we scare them off some way? Go tell them the roof leaks and the walls are damp and—tell them the last tenant died of small-pox.

"I'd like to, dear, but it wouldn't do. The landlord would sue for damages."

"Oh, mercy! But something must be done, Mr. Winks, before they decide to take it. Oh, do think of something!"

"I have it. Run down to the piano and sing 'Sweet Violets.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Senator Evarts owns a house only a few steps from the Senate wing of the Capitol. He will not wear out much shoe leather during his term of office.

Whittier's Quakerism.

From a critique on Whittier, by Edmund C. Stedman, in the May *Century*, we quote the following "The training of the Friends made his boyhood still more simple, otherwise, as I have said, it mattered little whether he derived from Puritan or Quaker sources. Still, it was much, in one respect, to be descended from Quakers and Huguenots used to suffer and be strong for conscience' sake. It placed him years in advance of the comfortable Brahmin class, with its blunted sense of right and wrong, and, to use his own words, turned him 'so early away from what Roger Williams calls the "world's great trinity, pleasure, profit, and honor," to take side with the poor and oppressed.' The Puritans conformed to the rule of the Old Testament, the Friends to the spirit of the New. One has only to read our colonial annals to know how the Jews got on under the Mosaic law, inasmuch as to the end of the Mather dynasty the pandect of Leviticus, in all its terror, was sternly enforced by church and state. The Puritans had two gods, Deus and Diabolus; the Quakers recognized the former alone, and chiefly through his incarnation as the Prince of Peace. They exercised, however, the right of interference with other people's code and practice, after a fashion the more intolerable from a surrender of the right to establish their own by rope and sword. Whittier's Quaker strain as Frothingham has shown, yielded him wholly to the 'intellectual passion' that Transcendentalism aroused, and still keeps him obedient to the Inward Light. And it made him a poet militant, a crusader whose moral weapons, since he must disown the carnal, were keen of edge and seldom in their scabbards. The fire of his deep-set eyes, whether betokening, like that of his kinsman Webster, the Batchedler blood, or inherited from some old Feuillevert, strangely contrasts with the benign expression of his mouth—that firm serenity, which by transmitted habitude dwells upon the lips of the sons and daughters of peace."

The Art Amateur for May contains a charming colored plate—the portrait of a beautiful boy in picturesque costume (velvet jacket, lace collar, and cap with feathers) with a decorative floral border by Dora Wheeler. Attractive designs are also given for a dessert plate (morning glories), a panel of carved wood (white oleander), a brass plaque and a variety of other decorative work. An illustrated notice of the principal American pictures to be shown at the coming Paris Salon is of special interest. The National Academy Exhibition is reviewed, and drawings of the clever pictures exhibited by Leon and Percy Moran form the frontispiece. Two series of practical articles, one on "Amateur Photography" and another on "Scene Painting for Amateurs," are begun in this number. There is a suggestive illustrated article on "The Use of Stained Glass," and the book reviews and answers to correspondents are especially full and valuable. The wide circulation of this excellent magazine will doubtless be handsomely increased by the publisher's liberal prize offer for 1885 of ten dollars' worth of books and periodicals of their own selection to be given to all persons sending in clubs of ten. A specimen copy of the *Art Amateur* will be sent to any address for 25 cents, regular price 35 cents, per annum, $4. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

TREATMENT OF TOOTHACHE.—The *Popular Science News* recommends that those suffering from toothache would do well to follow this advice, as it is founded upon actual experience. For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a very hot bath will so soothe the nerves that sleep will naturally follow, and, upon getting up, the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothache will be a thing of the past. For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is the best remedy.

The opinion is entertained now by many men of science that the art of making artificial stone for structural purposes is prehistoric, and that the pyramids were, in fact, built of artificial blocks manufactured from the surrounding plain.

Examine advertisement of R. G. Chase & Co., in another column. It is of importance to those seeking employment as canvassers.

A Bridgeton, N. J., man has planted over 200,000 cocoanuts at Biscayne Bay, Fla., and will make the number a million before he stops operations.

☞Remarked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr Thomas' Eclectic Oil.—believe it infallible for rheumatics.

Alabama physicians say that pneumonia is now worse in that State than ever before within thirty or forty years.

☞By the use of Buckingham's Dye, the whiskers may be easily made a permanent, natural brown, or black, as desired.

The beaus and belles of New Guinea are by no means forbidding. Imagine a man about five feet nine inches in height, his body a nice brown color, covered, if he be a masher, with red earth and varnished with oil, his face painted in different colors and a piece of polished stone through his nose, his hair long and frizzy, ornamented with bird of paradise plumes and cockatoo feathers, his teeth black or red, his ears weighed down with huge ear ornaments, his waist compressed to waspish proportions with a broad belt of bark, shell armlets on his arms and dogs' teeth necklaces round his neck, a breast ornament of boars' tusks or pearl shell, a gayly painted waist ribbon, with long streamers in front and behind, anklets and kneelets of colored flax, and a small netted bag over his shoulder—imagine all this and you have a typical New Guinean. The woman match the men. The young girls wear abundance of ornaments, but after marriage few. They are all profusely tattooed, and wear a colored petticoat, which reaches to the knee.

The gardener of the Johns Hopkins estate in Baltimore county, Md., has cultivated figs for the past twenty-five years with success, having never failed to secure a crop. He gives the method of treatment as follows: From the 10th to the 20th of November we dig a trench around the bushes, cutting away about half the roots they have made during the season, when the bushes were growing vigorously, and less when they are not so robust, bending down the branches to the ground in the form of a cross, and covering them with earth from the trenches from three to four inches in thickness, and in spring uncovering them from the 1st to the 10th of April. They bear fruit abundantly, ripening about the 1st of July, and continuing to bear until November.

M. Regnard said at a recent meeting of the Societe de Biologie that a fish which he had placed in a weak solution (2 to 1,000) of cocaine fell into a state of apparent death after a few minutes of floundering. Its respiration was completely suspended for two hours, as shown by an analysis of the water, which was not diminished in oxygen and contained no carbonic acid gas. Yet the fish was not dead, and when placed in a jar of pure water became as lively as ever.

☞The three outlets of disease are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys. Regulate the action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mosquitoes have already made their appearance in southern New Jersey.

☞Quantity in medicine is no indication of value. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is concentrated and powerful, requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other Sarsaparilla. It is the best of all blood medicines.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. F. Stone & Co.,

NO 67 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

PLUMBING,

STEAM, & GAS PIPE FITTING.

ALSO DEALERS IN

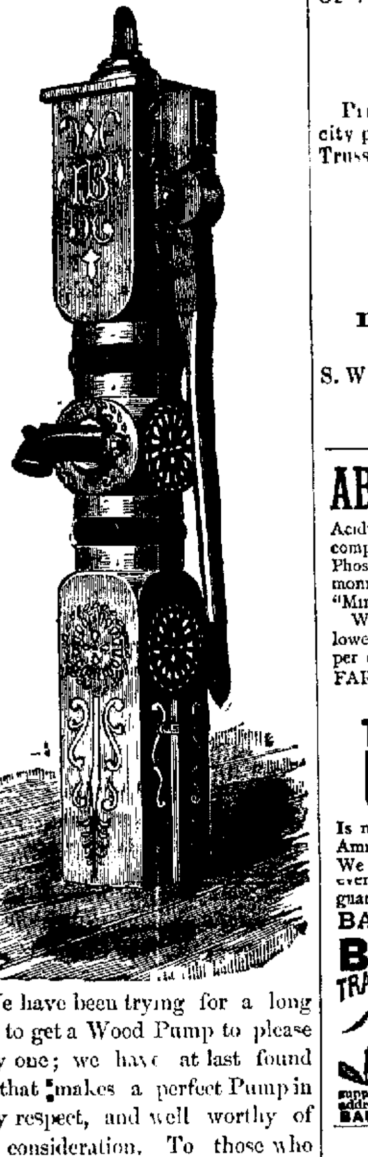
GAS FIXTURES, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS, GARDEN HOSE PIPES AND HOSE, SPRINKLERS, HOSE REELS, GLASS GLOBE SHADES, BATH TUBS AND CIRCULATING BOILERS.

GENUINE CUCUMBER

WOOD PUMPS,

With patent close Bracket and Frost Slide.

(Shown in cut below.)



We have been trying for a long time to get a Wood Pump to please every one; we have at last found one that makes a perfect Pump in every respect, and well worthy of your consideration. To those who have not tried our Pumps, we solicit a trial, feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction.

ANYBODY Can now make Photographs by the new Dry Plate Process.

For 50 cents we will send post paid Roche's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instruction for making the pictures.

Outfits we furnish from $10, upwards.

Our "PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN," edited by Prof. Charles F Chandler, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a month for only $2 per annum, keeps Photographers, professional or amateur, fully posted on all improvements, and answers all questions when difficulties arise.

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HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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I WILL PAY $2.50 PER DAY
To all who work for me at home. To many I can afford to pay more.
STEADY EMPLOYMENT. Light, pleasant Work. Send postal card to W. W. RIDOUT, Louisville, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If There Are

Any who have not already been supplied by us with
WILTONS - at $1.50,
we shall be pleased to have them call now.

OUR BEST VELVETS at $1.00, come next in wear to Wiltons, and we are selling them in large quantities (same quality sold elsewhere at $1.35 to $1.50.)

BODY BRUSSELS at $1.00.

OUR VELVETS at .95 outwear Body Brussels, and are in Moquette effects.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 50 cts and upwards.

We did not make any of the above to be sold at such low prices. Our customers have, therefore, all the more benefit.

J. & J. DOBSON,
Manufacturers,
809 & 811 Chestnut Street,
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TRUSSES.



OF VARIOUS PATTERNS AND OF ALL SIZES.

Prices as a rule much lower than city parties who make a specialty of Trusses.

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ABOUT PHOSPHATES

Acidulated S. C. Phosphate Rock is not a complete manure—it is valuable for its soluble Phosphoric Acid only; and contains no Ammonia. It is often called "Soluble Bone," "Mineral Bone," "Fossil Bone," &c.

We are prepared to supply this article at the lowest possible rate, and guarantee 12 to 14 per cent Available Phosphoric Acid.

FARMERS, DO NOT BE DECEIVED

TRADE THE MARK
TWENTY FIVE DOLLAR
PHOSPHATE
ADOPTED 1860

Is not South Carolina Rock. It is a true Ammoniated Animal Bone Super-Phosphate. We are the only manufacturers of it, and every bag has our name and address on, also guaranteed analysis. *None other is genuine.*

BAUGH & SONS, Philadelphia

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE
TRADE MARK

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. It is made from Bones of Cattle slaughtered at the Abattoir and slaughter houses of Philadelphia. We are now selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones at very low prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands. We supply fertilizers for all crops. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide.
BAUGH & SONS, 20 S. Del. Ave. Phila. Pa.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.

JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No 68 Mill Street, will be promptly attended to.

AT JACKSON'S
Fruit and Confectionery Depot,
CAN BE FOUND A NEW STOCK OF
Fine Fruits, Confectionary,
AND
NUTS OF ALL KINDS.

Give him a call and he will try to please you all.
Don't forget the place—

No. 27 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and you will receive by mail *free* a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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For MAY. 20 Cents.
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Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters.

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A large room, suitable for Dry Goods, Groceries, or other store. Apply at the
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FREE A book of 100 pages on LOVE & Courtship, sent free by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J. Send 5c. for Postage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,
No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,
Has always on hand a large stock of first-class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,
the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

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Pioneer Drug Store!
(ESTABLISHED IN 1844)
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County
Nos 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol, Pa.



Constantly on hand a large stock of first class DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, and all kinds of Spices, ground and whole, bought from first hands for cash and will be sold at low prices. Physicians prescriptions accurately compounded.
N. B. No counterfeit goods kept for sale.

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C. F. HERRMANN, Jr.,
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Furniture repaired.
Mattresses made and renovated.
Carpets fitted, sewed and laid.
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Chairs recaned, &c., &c.
All work done in the best manner and warranted.

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of all kinds bought and sold.

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☞Custom work and repairing promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times.

TREES! TREES!
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL!

The largest assortment in Bucks county. Our collection of ornamentals is unsurpassed. 30,000 APPLE TREES, adapted to this section, including a large proportion of the well known
SMITH'S CIDER.
Other Fruit Trees and Small Fruit in great variety. We are introducing the new red raspberry, Kenney's, recommended as the best early variety. Also the Niagara white grape. Send for catalogue. We invite all to call and see our stock before purchasing. Prices moderate.
WM. H. MOON,
Glenwood Nurseries, Morrisville, Penn.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of ABRAHAM SWAIN, deceased of the Township of Bristol. Letters of administration de bonis non cum testamento annexo, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to
JOHN BURTON,
ELWOOD BURTON,
Administrators d. b. n. c. t. a., Tullytown, Pa.
Or B F Gilkeson, their Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of MARGARET SWAIN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough. Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to
ELWOOD BURTON, Executor,
Or B F Gilkeson, Tullytown, Pa.
his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

ESTATE of ELIZABETH P. HULME, deceased, late of Bristol Borough. Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to
WM. TABRAM, Executor.
Or B F Gilkeson, his Attorney.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Bristol Improvement Company will be held in the office of the Company at the Livingston Mills, Bristol, Pa., on Monday, May 18th at 3½ o'clock for the purpose of holding an election upon the question of an increase of the authorized capital of the Company.
By order of the Board of Directors.
CHARLES E. SCHEIDL, Secretary.

SALESMEN
WANTED to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed.
SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID.
Apply at once, stating age.
(Refer to this paper.)
CHASE BROTHERS,
Rochester, N. Y.

W. GRACE,
PAINTER AND PAPERHANGER,
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Wall Paper and Window Shades
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BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned would inform the public that he has taken the shop on CANAL STREET BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND DORRANCE STS., where he will do all kinds of Blacksmithing. Special attention given to Shoeing. Satisfaction given.
FRANK S. MOSS, Bristol.

G. W. ADAMS,
DENTIST,
COR. RADCLIFFE AND MULBERRY STS
BRISTOL, PA.

Nitrous Oxide, Sulphuric Ether, &c., administered. The preservation of the Natural Teeth a specialty. Out of office on Second Day.

FOR RENT.

TWO upstairs rooms for offices or storage. Apply at TEA STORE, No. 66 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS



The above is an exact cut of the HARDEN HAND GRENADE FIRE EXTINGUISHER. [illegible] Sole Agents [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] WRIGHT & KRAFT, [illegible]

(From the [illegible] Times.)

AN INTERESTING LETTER
From Mr. Harry W. Olmstead, Proof-reader of "The Times."

[illegible]

HARRY W. OLMSTEAD.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

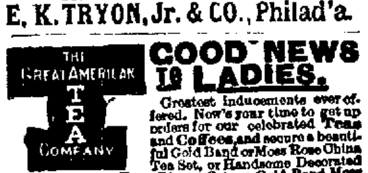
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